The Bystander, January 28, 1920. No. 843. Vol. LXV.

The BYSTANDER

THE CREW

BY ALFRED LEETE

ENTERTAINMENTS

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Signature of holder.....

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

The New French President

By his election to be Chief of State of the French Republic, M. Paul Deschanel has attained the ambition of his lifetime. From the moment of his entry into politics he made no secret of his determination to be President one day. He has had to wait until he was sixty-three, but the time of waiting has been strewn with honours.

The son of a distinguished scholar, Professor Deschanel, the President, spent his youth in the Academic Society which in Paris is called Gens de l'Académie. We have nothing like it in London, but you find it at Oxford and Cambridge, only there it is narrower and more local. In Paris the members of the Académie, the Institut de France, the Beaux Arts, and the professors of the Sorbonne represent the highest intellectual life of France, and they and their families move in a world of the arts, science, drama, and literature. Here Paul Deschanel made his *début*.

When he went into politics, handsome, *très instruit*, and very much *homme du monde*, he found a hundred doors open to him that are closed to the French politician as politician.

Avoiding Pitfalls

There are wheels within wheels, and yet again wheels, in French politics, and to be *affiché* to any set even suspected of Royalist or Clerical sympathies closes a man's chances for high office. The young Deschanel was seen everywhere, but he belonged to no set. If he went into one world more than any other it was the diplomatic world. His mind was set on the one objective—the Élysée—and he avoided all pitfalls with the same wisdom, skill, and imperturbable suavity which he has shown as President of the Chamber. He married the daughter of a Senator.

A New Atmosphere at the Élysée

The three last Presidents of the Republic have been essentially *bourgeois*. A very different atmosphere comes to the Elysée with the Deschanels. Madame Deschanel is rather shy, but she is a clever woman, with the instinct for ceremonial. She shares her husband's sympathies towards England and the Franco-British alliance. They have three children, so, for the first time in the history of the Third Republic, its President will have a nursery at the Elysée, his youngest child being only ten.

The Peer—

All the policemen in the West End do not play nap o' nights, as a peer of the realm recently found to his exceeding discomfort. Far more burglaries are taking place than most of us hear of. I know of two houses next door to one another that were cleared of silver and *bibelots* on a Thursday evening. On the Saturday night the next house received the same attention. Consequently the West End police are bristling with suspicion.

"SETTLED!"

"The additional cost of the wages bill of the railways due to improved rates, hours and conditions of service provided by the recent settlement is £63,000,000 a year."—Sir Eric Geddes.

—The Flat—

To return to the peer. He has a flat in St. James's, to which he returned late one night from Scotland. At the best of times dress gives him little concern, and his travelling garments—especially after a whole day in the train—give no indication of his quality—very much the contrary. Arrived *chez lui*, he had supper, and then wrote several important letters which he carried off to a neighbouring pillar-box, somewhere about one o'clock in the morning. When he got back he found he had forgotten his key. He had no servant in the flat; there was no porter. It was a Yale lock and he was helpless.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

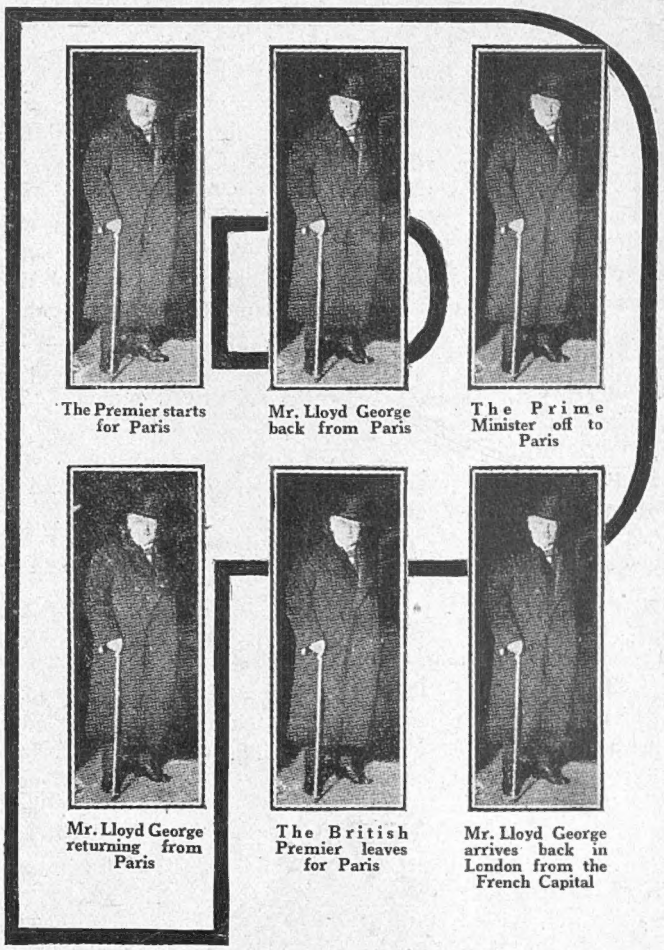
—and The Policeman

BUT, being a man of resource and muscle, he scaled various pipes to a window which he remembered he had left open. Shortly after he had gained his abode, and distinctly "bucked" by his prowess on the pipes, the bell rang. Opening the door, he found himself surrounded by a cloud of policemen headed by a sergeant.

An observant constable had seen him swarming up the pipes, had likewise observed his entry, and summoned help. The flat was in confusion—you know the muddle one makes in unpacking? Everything confirmed the worst suspicions of the police—but the shabby clothes "put the lid on it!" They wouldn't believe a word he said. So off he was marched to the police-station to be charged with burglariously entering his own flat.

And, what is more, he would have spent the night in the cells if the inspector on duty had not chanced to know him. This particular peer is a very sporting person, and he has likewise a sense of humour, consequently the observant constable has no reason to regret "keeping an eye open" on his beat.

P for Paris, Premier and Press



The Premier starts for Paris

Mr. Lloyd George back from Paris

The Prime Minister off to Paris

Mr. Lloyd George returning from Paris

The British Premier leaves for Paris

Mr. Lloyd George arrives back in London from the French Capital

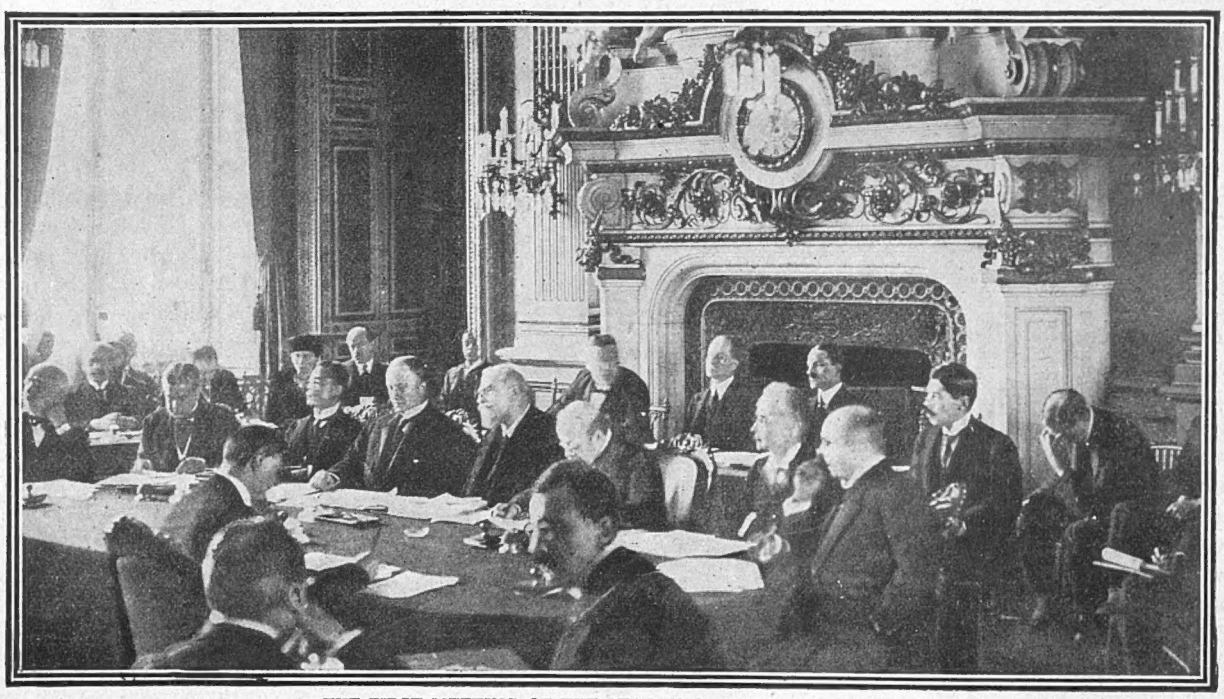
THE PREMIER CAUGHT UNAWARES BY THE PHOTOGRAPHER ON SOME OF HIS RARE CROSS-CHANNEL JOURNEYS

*(Of course it's really the same photograph although you wouldn't know it—or rather if they were different photographs you wouldn't—*ED.*)*

Ancient Profiteering

AN old friend of mine, who has a remarkable memory for past events, tells me that after the Crimean War there was a howl of execration against profiteers, public indignation being directed especially against one man. His family have lived in ease and plenty ever since, and the amusing thing is that one of his grand-children was an out-and-out pacificist, and that one of his sons-in-law is a sleuth-hound after present-day profiteers; in fact, the whole family are noted for what is called "public

(Continued on page 216)



THE FIRST MEETING OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS' COUNCIL

Representatives of Allied and neutral nations in conference at the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Earl Curzon of Kedleston will be recognised in the centre of the picture, and on his right are M. Mitsui, Japan, Don da Cunha, Brazil, and M. Venizelos, Greece: on his left are M. Leon Bourgeois, France, M. Paul Hymans, Belgium, and Signor Leon, Spain.

Political Personalities in Caricature

IMPRESSIONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST DURING THE RECESS

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

spirit." Yet everything they have and are was founded by profiteering some sixty years ago!

Bill Gawber Orates

"THERE is times, Clarence," remarked Bill Gawber, gloomily, "when one gits wonderin' if the ole folks at 'ome is a goin' ter remember one when one's turned up one's toes to the disies."

"What's this, Bill?" I asked, "Whence this depressed mood? Are you indisposed?"

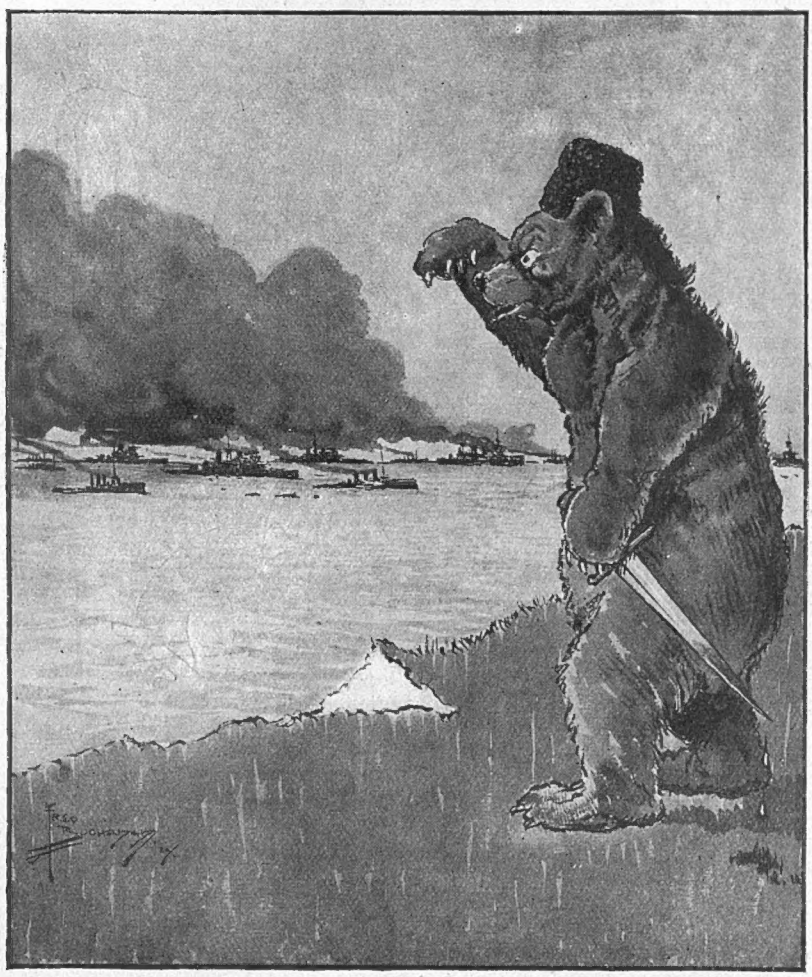
"Indisposed be (ravaged). Only I bin readin' in the piper as Our Dumb Friends' League (no, not the coves as'll try ter mike the boys backchat nicely when the girls git frank like on the 29th February). Wot was I syin'? 'Ow can I collect me (purple) thoughts if yer go interruptin'? Ow! Yes, I know, I was sayin' as the Dumb Friends' League 'as put up a memorial board at the Animals' 'Ospital, an' that for five quid yer can 'ave the nime o' yer (mangy) dorg immortalised."

"Well? The five pounds go to the League that cares for sick animals. Aren't we all in favour?"

"Ow! I ain't got nuffin' agin' the (corroded) tykes. I likes a dorg meself. But wot I'm thinkin's this 'ere: 'Oo's goin' ter put up five quid ter 'ave the nime of Bill Gawber immortalised? Nobody. Nobody cares for pore ole Bill. The Dumb Friends' League don't do nothin' for 'im. Don't even stand me a muzzle for Mrs. Gawber.

Underground Roads

"I TELL yer, Clarence, they don't care 'ow soon pore old Bill goes underground. S'pose it's these 'ere modern times, a drivin' us under the sod before our time. Same ole gime! Sir Albert Stanley f'r instance, the bloke as is tryin' ter 'ide 'is Coalishern past under the nime o' Lord Ashfield, 'e mikes me fair dizzy with his figures about passengers per cent. per mile. Well, I don't mind the (flocculent) (pest) a tryin' ter puzzle the workin' man; it's his (pestilential) job. But he's a talkin' of 'avin' underground roads for moter traffic. Clarence, it's comin'. First it was the Tubes. Now it's the roads. Next it'll be the 'ouses. It's like a (pink) nightmare. This 'ere Coalishern is goin' ter cut us orf from the light o' day. We'll (purple) well live underground, be married an' die underground. Don't say as that won't be 'andy like, bein' laid out nearer to our ultimate destination, as yer might say, Clarence, seein' as yer likes long words. But I sez it ain't cheerful. Light, I sez, more light, as Carlyle used ter sye ter Charlie Chaplin."



BRITISH "TAR-TAR" SAUCE

As provided for the Bolshevics in the Black Sea

By Fred Buchanan

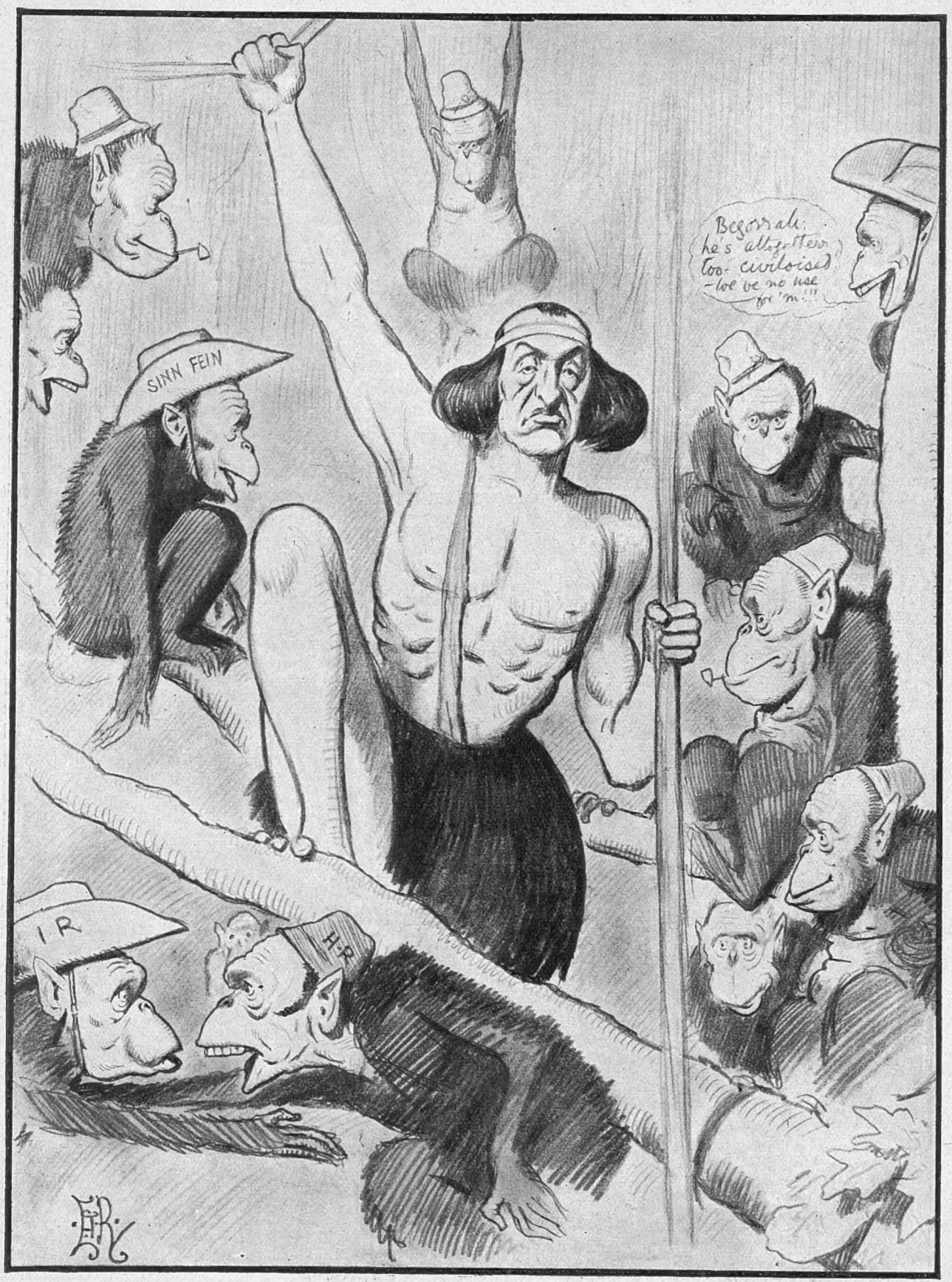
Parties—

"WE want more light on every (infested) institution. See? We want ter know wot Lord Birken'ead is up to with his National Party ideer. I ain't fond o' noo parties; noo parties is mostly the sime ole (smoking) parties in a noo set o' slops; I ain't fond o' noo parties at all. I was ony sayin' ter 'Erb the other dye: 'Erb, I said, we got too many parties, Unionists, Liberals, Coalishern Liberals, Coalishern Unionists, Labour, Irish remains, Sinn Fein mysteries, an' General Pige Croft. One can't (crimson) well 'ear oneselt tork. 'Erb, I said, we got ter start a party for the abolition of parties, I said.

—And a New Party

"EAR, 'ear, said 'Erb, let's 'ave one ter christen the noo party, 'e sez. We did, an' by closin' time the noo party'd got forgotten like. Which shows it was politics. Ar! if Birken'ead's party wos ter tike a 'int from Tonypandy where they bin' breakin' up Pussyfoot's meetin's; if Birken'ead brightens the churches with a cinema, like the Vicar of St. Bartholomew done in Birmingham, I might listen to him. Now this 'ere life mikes one cynical: this 'ere noo party, all one can (scarlet) well sye fer it is it's agin the others. But arter all, I rather likes that ideer."

Films Hitherto Uncensored

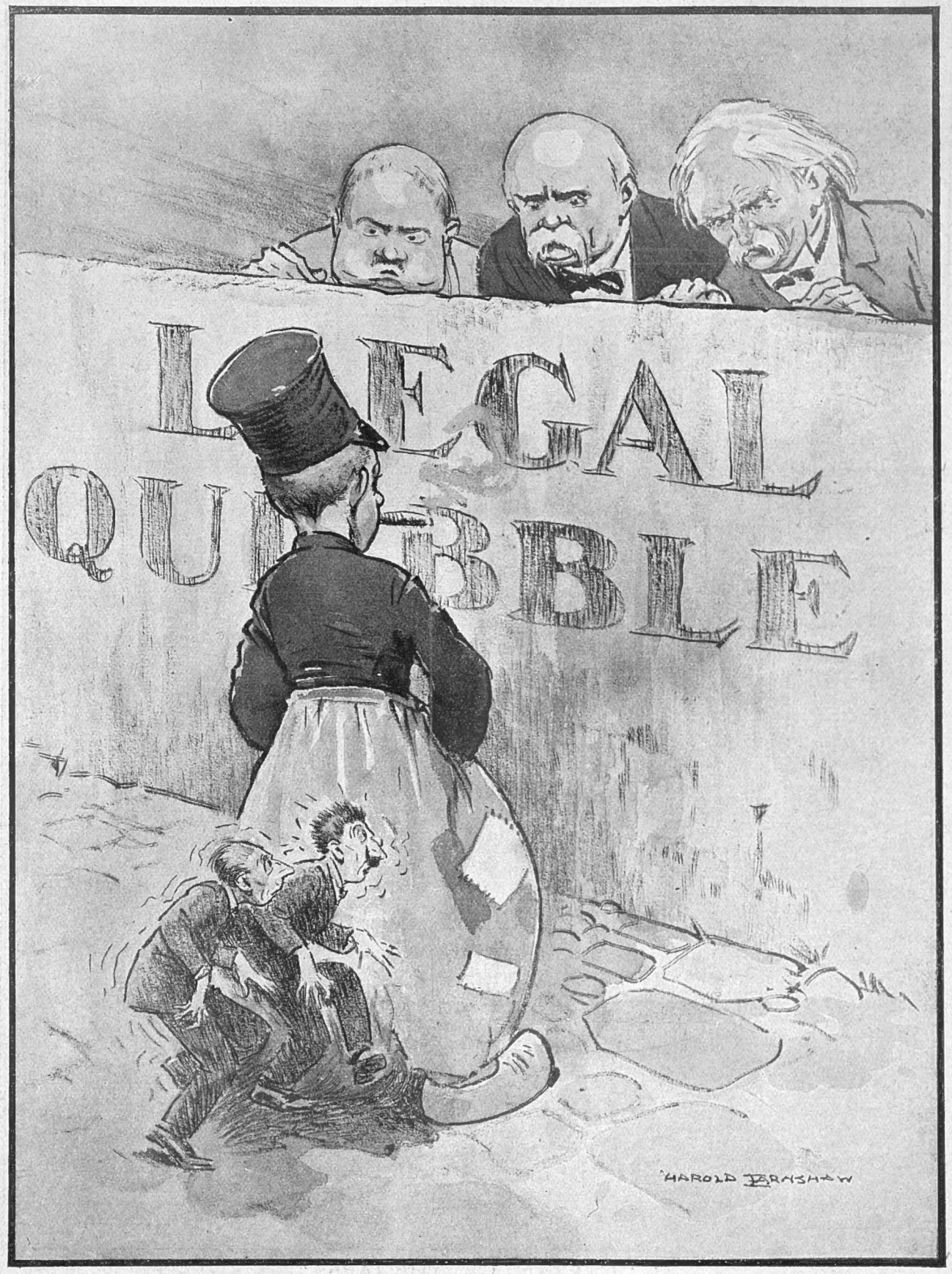


"CARZAN OF THE APES"

When Carzan revisits the Jungle he finds himself increasingly out of sympathy with the regular denizens of his old home!

BY E. T. REED

Will They Get Over the Wall?



A STUDY IN "FRIGHT"—ON THE PART OF THE FORMERLY "FRIGHTFUL"

BY HAROLD EARNSHAW

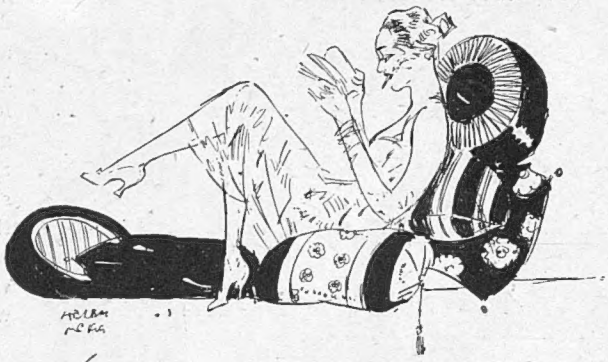
"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *January* 26, 1920

DEAR COUSIN—

NOW that they've finally and fully "gone dry" in America, everyone's saying it's our turn next. And I've spent a pleasant Sunday afternoon turning down the page on the opinions of a doctor-man just returned from Pussy-foot land, who cheerfully concludes with the ghastly prediction that for us, too—the alternative is, if we are to remain a great imperial race, Prohibition or Downfall. The Drugged Lion cannot compete with the Sober Eagle. . . .



"Spent a pleasant Sunday afternoon turning down the page on the opinions of a doctor-man"

卐 卐

NICE depressing situation, isn't it, whichever way you look at it? If we do drink we're lost and if we don't we're merely Sober Eagles.

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WOULD take two years, I believe—properly to "prohibit" us, I mean So there is that much respite. And meantime it is, as ever, convenient to be rich. Hoarding has begun, and so the wealthy wise now acquire stock for cellars—and the biggest cellar *plus* the biggest income, of course, will win. In two years' time one's popularity will be gauged and achieved by the bottle measure. Not "What a charming house!" but "What a *duck* of a cellar!" will be one's guest-ish observation.

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AGAINST the successful hoarder of Bollinger or Beaune no mere pretty, charming, or clever hostess will stand an earthly. Dinner-parties will be more than ever the evening pastime of the rich. There are, doubtless, many things that may be done, Pussy-foot. "It's salutary effect on public health, crime, education, order during strikes, production,etc., have been proved," says the doctor-man aforesaid. But I *think*, don't you, that dinner-parties will stump him?

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PICTURE to yourself! Some horrible, fizzy, watery stuff of a bilious yellow or an adulterated pink to be all that there was to it for a whole evening, through all the length, breadth, height, and depth of a dinner-party! One that took a bit of shoving along even when you begun with a cocktail or two, continued with sherry, progressed to champagne, topped up with liqueurs or port, and concluded the series with a nip or two of brandy to settle things. Appalling prospect, isn't it?

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ONLY one thing to do, so far as *I* can see—give up this sociability, this conviviality, this meeting together for the purpose of talking and being talked to, flirting and being flirted with. Most normally thirsty people, forced to drink alone, would almost as soon drink water as wine. Wine maketh the heart glad and the tongue to waggle. And, done solo, these good things are merely wasted.

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BUT, alas! Kind and great god, Bacchus, if Prohibition comes we shall miss you! You may be bad, but you've often made us feel oh! awfully good.

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OUR fatless War-foods—how could we have stomached you without your warming draughts? Our unbuttered biscuits and our substitute cheese, how swallow you at all but for the fruit of the vines of France and Portugal? After the long wakeful nights of War—those tots of rum, into how many a mother's son did they pour, for ever so fleeting a moment, comfort and healing and forgetfulness of all the horror that surrounded them?

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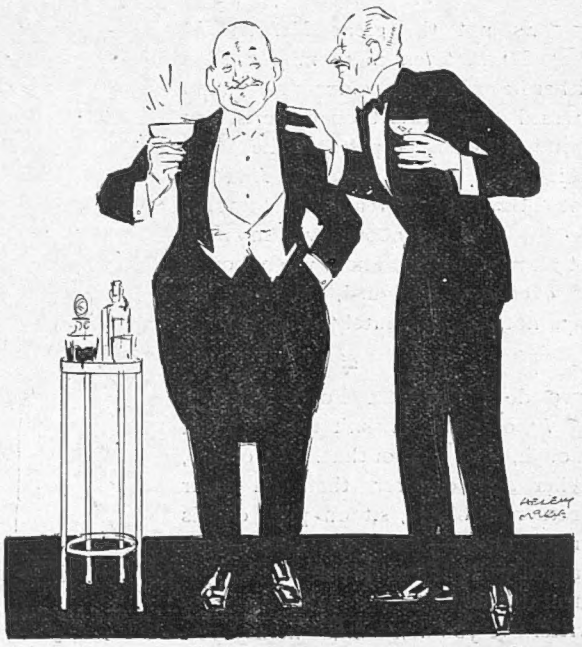
THERE are many poor human beings, I suppose, whose only moments of happiness have come to them at the feet of the old god Bacchus, for not to all is it given to get drunk as, thank all the gods that be, I can still get drunk, on the sheer loveliness of things or on the mere fierce joy of living. And that's



"One's popularity will be gauged by the bottle measure"

why one rather hesitates to make decisions on this tiresome old Prohibition.

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RAPTURE'S so rare——. And here we are washing out one of it's few chances! If primrose paths lead to the bonfire, anyway they *are* flower-strewn, aren't they? The test of any picture, someone's said, or, indeed, of any product of any of the arts, is whether or not it invokes ecstasy. . . . I don't know whether it's the test of the arts, but I know it's the test of life, as someone else puts it. And that being so—but let us get off this Bacchic topic. . . .

"Wine maketh the heart glad and the tongue to waggle"

卐 卐

ON to discreeter themes. Of how, for instance, we seem to have fairly burst into a regular *orgy* of murderings and burglarings, gold-coinings, bigamies, and all the other deadly sins. Is it War's aftermath, or are the pukkah criminals merely trying to keep their ends up—against their more up-to-date brethren, the profiteer?

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AND of how the modest—and now, seemingly, quite unliterary—author of that book of 1919, "The Young Visiters," has made a cool twenty—or is it forty?—thousand *pounds sterling* (not pence, mind you!) out of the Barrie-blazoned, mildly humorous outpourings of her youthful imagination. After which let no one say that to spill ink about is to avoid fortune.

卐 卐

HAS not the great Mr. Arnold Bennett *lost* more money than either he *or* Mrs. B., young, pretty, and dressed from Paris though she is, can spend, if he *has* perpetrated the "best worst play" of the season? And has not "Sir Barrie" reached Olympian heights that are above even money? At dinners, for instance, when bored, or even not intrigued, godlike, he says nothing, absolutely nothing!

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SO does Mr. Ezra Pound, though *he*, of course, hasn't really soared enough, *quite* yet for that. The others, richer *and* cleverer, than all their brother scribblers, sit on pink clouds in Olympus—and do what they dashed well please. It's an encouragement to all to take up the pen and write. If you don't make money you do at least make enemies—and not unto everyone is even that privilege vouchsafed.

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STILL, spring is—er—coming, and (yes, I know, it *is* a little early, but *only* the early birds catch the worm, don't they?), if only Winston doesn't decide to have another war, and we can stave off that awful Labour Government for an æon or so, I think it's going to be quite a nice one. Spring, I mean. Of course, *some* gilt off the gingerbread there must be, and now we've got rid of the War we're to be over-ridden with Germans.

"The American with his amazing gift of the gab"

卐 卐

HOW delightfully leisurely are we English. About a year and a half now since the old War ended—too soon, some say—and at any moment now London may become the achieved Mecca of all those questers after history and atmosphere who are said to be coming in their hundreds of thousands from all the dry Americas. But every hotel, boarding-house, and lodging is already full to the brim and a bit fuller. (Heard of a couple who raked London unsuccessfully for a bedroom on the night of a recent big Covent Garden ball.) And no one seems to be making the faintest attempt to prepare for the invasion.

卐 卐

OUR visitors' minds, too, look like being left a bit in mid-air, so to speak, for hardly any of the museums "closed for the duration" have heard about the War being over yet, and as for a War Museum—haven't hardly begun to *think* about that yet, have we? Still, nothing matters, of course, so long as England to herself remain but true, and we *somehow* keep top-dogs, spite of everything. But I confess those immoderate workers—the American, with his amazing gift of the gab, and the Hun, with his intemperate industry, they do a little frighten me.

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SO we'll all have to pull ourselves together if the P.M. and people are really right about nothing being any good but real hard slogging. We must come out of Lotusland, where it's always afternoon, and fling us into the hurly-burly where it's always morning and the factory-buzzer's busy. Dear me! hardly seems an existence worth making all that War for, does it?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Our Prince of the Open Air

Photograph *Newspaper Illustrations*

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

At a meet of the West Norfolk Fox Hounds at Sennowe Hall, near Fakenham. He is here seen with the Master, Lt.-Col. C. D. Seymour

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES

BY H. COLLINSON OWEN.

DRAWINGS BY— HIGGINS.

No. XIV.—Reggie on the Irish Question

"SOONER or later," I said, "I suppose we shall have to talk about Ireland. Now. . . ."

"*Je n'en vois pas la nécessité,* old thing, as Talleyrand or somebody said. But since you. . . ."

"Talleyrand certainly never said 'old thing,' Reggie."

"My dear chap, don't be tiresome. But, as you say, I suppose Ireland may fairly be regarded as a legitimate subject of conversation. A cheery little country which produces a couple of desperate affrays with every morning's newspaper can't be overlooked. Years ago quite nice people used to take a well-bred interest in the Balkans, chiefly, I fear, in order to thank God that these things only happened in uncivilised places. Who'd ever have thought that in our own time we should have been so careless as to have a Balkans of our own that give points to the palmiest days of the old-time comitadjis of Bulgaria?

"The trouble is we're up against a very clever race of people in the Irish, and the sooner we recognise it, the better for poor Old England. It's really what's at the bottom of the whole Irish problem. The Irish have succeeded in putting over on the world one of the greatest bluffs that ever happened outside a poker saloon, by pretending that England is a land solely inhabited by cruel tyrants.

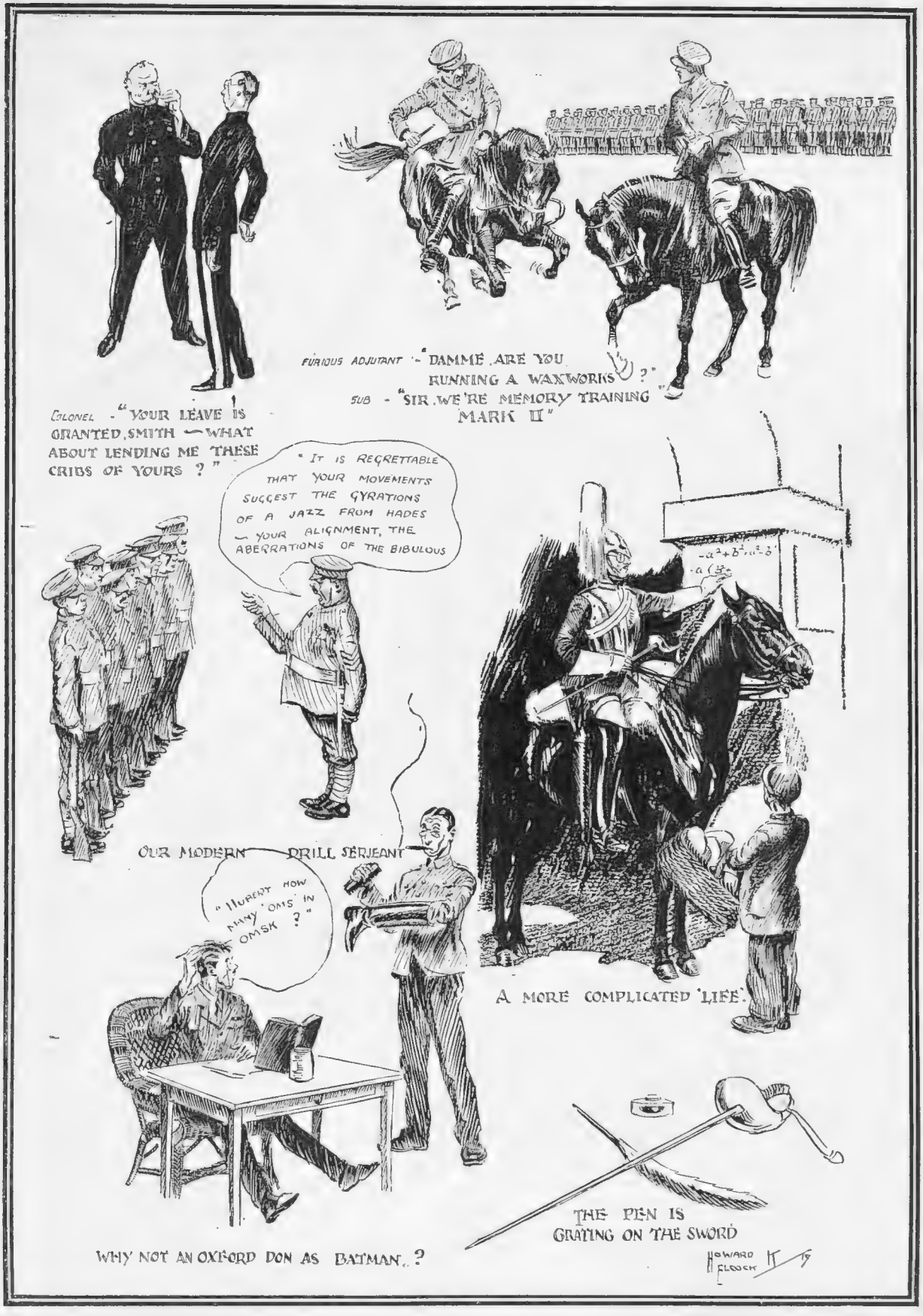
"For years now the Irish have been blarneying us with all sorts of pretty catch-phrases; colleens and mavourneens; Emerald Isles and Old Erins, and that sort of thing. Ireland has been put forward as a sort of Whistler nocturne: misty, melancholy, and melting; the sort of thing that brings a catch in the voice, and makes you feel a better man. And the Irishman has been presented as a rollicking, devil-may-care sort of feller, with a brogueish epigram on his lips, a wistful smile on his face and a romantic distaste for money. The consequence is everybody loves the Irish. It's right for them to hate us, but it's also right for us to love them. The man who says he doesn't love the Irish is socially dead. It's a world movement. We're all in it. I love the Irish myself.

'Colleens and mavourneens"

"But, hidden away behind all the gentle camouflage of the sweet colleen type, lives a business-like, eager-eyed race which is strictly on the make. The colleens and the mavourneens, the gay Dublin jarveys, and the melancholy poets of the Abbey Theatre—all these are a sort of holy-smoke screen thrown up to conceal the true characteristics of a very up-to-date community who've got poor old John Bull guessing all the time. For ages now they've had him on toast, wondering what was going to happen next. His heart's really in the right place, but the gentle Hibernians have so bamboozled him that he doesn't know whether it's in his boots or his hat. And in recent times they've performed the greatest miracle since St. Patrick chased the snakes out of their sorrowful isle. They've so out-manœuvred poor old well-meaning Albion that they've made her adopt the rôle of Tyrant of the Oppressed. It's a clever bit of work. Charlie Chaplin as Governor of the Bank of England wouldn't be more out of his beat. As a reward for biffing the Hun, sweet Britannia's been forced to

(*Continued on page 224*)

Our "Highbrow" Army



"The British Army has adopted the principle that the rank and file are to be educated both in general and technical subjects against their return to civil life, whilst the Regular officer is to be responsible for this civil training, just as much as he is for military training."—*Daily Paper*

BY HOWARD ELCOCK

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES (*concluded*)

put on the jack-boots and sabre of Potsdam.

"'Pon me soul, we ought to admire 'em for it. It's the neatest thing in world-hypnotics ever seen. Ireland throws a bomb at John Bull, and blows a chunk off his ample form. 'Take that, you blood-stained oppressor,' she says. Before John can even caress the injured part, Ireland fills his trousers with buck-shot: 'How do you like it, you great bully?' she asks. Poor old John slews round, a prey to considerable emotion, and is violently thumped on the head with a blackthorn, 'Take your hands off me, you brutal Sassenach,' cries Ireland. And having done the old fellow up in fine style, Ireland issues a manifesto to a sympathetic world, begging it to rescue gentle Erin from the jack-boot of Imperial England. And the money rolls into the hat."

"But there's never smoke without a fire, Reggie, and we all know that in the past. . . ."

"Agreed, old thing, agreed. There's no stopping you once you begin. One knows that Anglo-Irish history has some rather smudgy pages. One knows, for instance, that Cromwell could be a most unpleasant old gentleman when he liked. He was most rude to one of my own dear ancestors. But what's the good of harping on all the things that happened before the Great War? What's the sense of having such confoundly long and awkward memories? Aren't we living in a New World? And does England nurse a grudge because Hengist and Horsa played blue blazes down in Kent? Do we hold mass meetings on Tower Hill because William the Conqueror behaved in quite ungentlemanly style?

"No, this refusal to let bygones be bygones is all part of the great bluff. Ireland slams old England mighty hard in this present year of grace 1920, at the same time kicking up a devil of a barney for what England did in the Stone Age. Ireland has a positive genius for getting the best of both worlds. She reproaches us for what we did in the past, and sandbags us for not doing it in the present. If she'd socked old Cromwell instead there'd have been some sense in it. Then everybody, presumably, would have been satisfied. We shouldn't have had an Army Corps or so in Ireland, and Ireland wouldn't have had an Irish Party at Westminster.

"Of course, I don't intend to try and find a solution of the Irish problem. Too many people have been driven to an early grave trying to do that. But it seems to me it would be a good thing to clear away the sentimental undergrowth so that we can get a real squint at what's in front of us. Let us, to begin with, abolish all Irish comedians from the music-hall stage. Let us next wipe out those quaintly melancholy plays direct from Dublin, in which everybody stands around and talks, and nobody does anything. Furthermore, let us make it illegal for anybody to be caught speaking of Erin's Isle. Again, any man using the word colleen should be given at least six months' hard. And any misguided young person found singing 'Kathleen Mavourneen' should be sent to penal servitude for life. Finally, capital punishment should be reserved for such traitorous Englishmen as try to tell a story with a fascinating Irish brogue.

"The hardening process might be slow, but it would be sure. In a few years we should cease to regard the Irishman as a broth of a boy, and realise that he was a plain, unvarnished individual with human appetites, and a thorough belief in a bank balance—when he can get it. It would be borne in upon us that he is not the Playboy of the Western World, but a gentleman with a fierce material glint in his eyes, and a wonderful financial gift for raising the wind in America. In short, we should cease to think of him as a romantic individual grasping a shillelagh in the right hand and a bottle of the *craythur* in the left, but should see him in his true light standing with one hand on a cash register and the other on his pistol pocket.

"If we go ahead on these lines something might be done. Let's cut out the sentiment and get to business. If the Irishman calls us sanguinary English tyrants and brutal oppressors, don't let us reply, 'Hooroo, Paddy, me bhoy; that's only your little Irish way.' Let's take him seriously, and by way of retaliation send him the latest pro-English lucubration of that ardent, high-souled British patriot, G. B. Shaw. That'll bring him to his senses. He'll realise that he isn't the only feller who can call people names.

"Mind you, I don't say that all this'll settle the Irish problem. But it'll put us in a better frame of mind for tackling it. So long as we look at it through the tear-bedimmed eyes of Kathleen Mavourneen there's no hope for us or Ireland."

"A wonderful financial gift for raising the wind in America"

"But, my dear Reggie, this is a bit of blarney of your own. In spite of all you say, you still love the Irish."

"Of course I love 'em. Didn't I say so before? But it's just their fatal fascination that I'm trying to struggle against. When a Sinn Fein boodle-snatcher tells a Chicago audience that the English are the dirty dogs of the universe, we know that what he really means is that he loves and admires us beyond words. And, of course, we love him in return. Naturally. . . . But, all the same, I fear me a slight change has come over the scene of late. I've got a sort of feeling that our dear old friend the Banshee has become a Bolshie."

Where Money Talks

"VISITING DAY"

BY BERT THOMAS

Brand New Dresses In "Bran Pie"

Photograph

Foulsham and Banfiela

Two new portraits of Miss Lee White in two of those wonderful costumes in which she appears in "Bran Pie" at the Prince of Wales Theatre

"MR PIM PASSES BY"

AT THE NEW THEATRE

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

A PLEASING feature of this delicate comedy is the great personal triumph of Miss Irene Vanbrugh as the heroine. She is the central figure in a story that is, perhaps, a little unreal, and not a little fantastic; but she enters into the spirit of her part with a convincing charm that makes the situation seem even possible, and quite justifies the cordiality of her reception. As Mr. Pim, Mr. Dion Boucicault had his full share of the honours of the evening; but, as is only seemly and right, we make our best bow to the lady.

MR. PIM is a very old gentleman with a not very certain memory. He comes to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Marden, who have been happily married for five years, to beg the favour of a letter of introduction to one of Mr. Marden's friends in the county. But Mr. Marden is engaged for the moment, and his niece Dinah tells Mr. Pim why. The young man who has asked her to marry him is now closeted with Mr. Marden in order to secure his consent to the proposed match. Incidentally, she volunteers the valuable information that Mrs. Marden before her present marriage was the widow of a man named Telworthy. It is not, perhaps, usual for young ladies to be so obligingly communicative with total strangers; but although you don't notice it at the time, it happens that all the plot of the play hangs upon this trifling incident. After waiting some time without finding Marden available, Mr. Pim, with many apologies for his intrusion, begs that he may be allowed to call again at a more favourable moment.

THEN we learn that Mrs. Olivia Marden married her present husband on the strength of a newspaper paragraph which

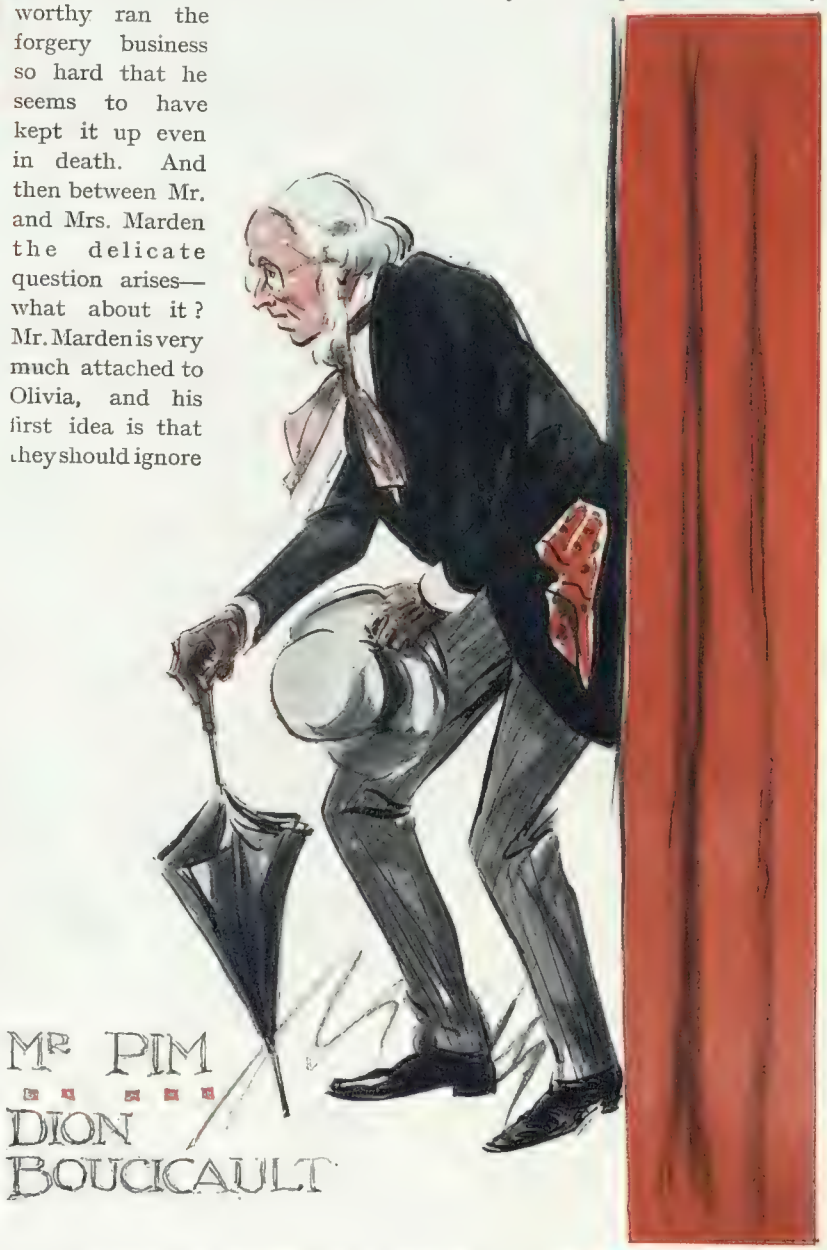
GEORGETTE COHAN AS DINAH.

announced the death of Telworthy. Some men about to marry a widow would be inquisitive enough to want to see the first husband's death certificate; but neither Mr. Marden, nor, apparently, his family lawyer, was so inconsiderate as that. Mr. Telworthy had an unfortunate habit of signing other people's names to cheques—they call it shell-shock nowadays, I believe—and, having gone the limit in this country, he proceeded to Australia, apparently in the hope of finding the natives there less absurdly squeamish in such matters.

BUT he seems to have been too trustful in this respect, and the result was that he had the misfortune to become a convict. About this time Mr. Pim happens along again, and while Mr. Marden is writing the letter of introduction he seeks, the old gentleman mentions to Olivia that he has just come from Sydney, in Australia. Mrs. Marden is greatly interested. She wonders if Mr. Pim met anyone she knows there. He thinks he may have done; but of one thing he is sure. One of his Sydney acquaintances came over on the boat with him, a Mr.—Mr.—Mr. Telworthy. Yes, that was the name, Telworthy. At this moment his letter of introduction is ready, and with profuse thanks he returns to his job of passing by.

OLIVIA is naturally annoyed. As she says in effect, Telworthy ran the forgery business so hard that he seems to have kept it up even in death. And then between Mr. and Mrs. Marden the delicate question arises—what about it? Mr. Marden is very much attached to Olivia, and his first idea is that they should ignore Mr. Telworthy's inconsiderate return to life, and continue to live together in—whatever they call that state in which people think you're married when you're not. But Mrs. Marden will have none of that. It is obviously her duty to go back to Telworthy and tell him all, or as much as she may think it is good for him to know.

THEN the gentle Mr. Pim passes into the life of the household once more. He blames himself for having omitted to mention a distressing incident that happened when his boat arrived at Marseilles. Mr. Telworthy sat down to dinner with a healthy appetite, and had got as far as the fish, when a bone missed its way and he perished miserably



MR PIM
DION BOUCICAULT

half-way through the *menu*. This detail, of course, alters the outlook of the Mardens entirely. Indeed, although it is not customary to receive the news of other people's deaths with unrestrained hilarity, Mrs. Marden laughs aloud for joy, and cannot conceal her admiration for the humorous possibilities of fishbones in general.

THERE is now no question of the Mardens having to live in—whatever we agreed to call it. Just as they got married on the strength of a newspaper paragraph, so they have now become unmarried at the word of a dear old gentleman of unreliable memory. But, as Marden says, they can soon fix that up, and if only for the sake of their position in the county, 'twere well 'twere done quickly, as the other dramatist says. Marden's idea appears to be that you can look in casually at a registry office in London and call somebody's attention to the fact that you want to get married, and you've brought the girl with you, and that's all there is to it.

OLIVIA, however, takes a rather different view of the situation. She is now an unmarried woman without encumbrance, and she understands that Mr. Marden is doing her the honour to ask for her hand in marriage. But in that case it isn't at all nice of him to jump to the conclusion that she's simply waiting for the chance to throw herself at him. It isn't as if the War were still on, and he were a subaltern on a three-days' leave from the front. Marriage is usually preceded by a formal proposal, and if he wishes to ask her to become his wife, she will give his proposal her best attention. It is in this scene that Miss Vanbrugh is at her best.

IT is, indeed, the completeness of the acting that makes the scene, and Miss Vanbrugh treats it delightfully for the playful nonsense that it is. The real world is a cold, hard place; and there is a rumour that if the average man found, after five years of marriage, that he had not been really married at all, he would not necessarily propose again to the same lady on the spot, but would go down to the club and think it over for a bit. It has to be assumed that Marden is very much in love indeed with Olivia, and it must be admitted that in playing her fish she avails herself of every one of the dainty arts and wiles employed by her sex in their most dangerous moments. Her quiet confidence in herself, and the agreeable certainty in her own mind that she has got him anyway, make the man's helplessness only the more diverting.

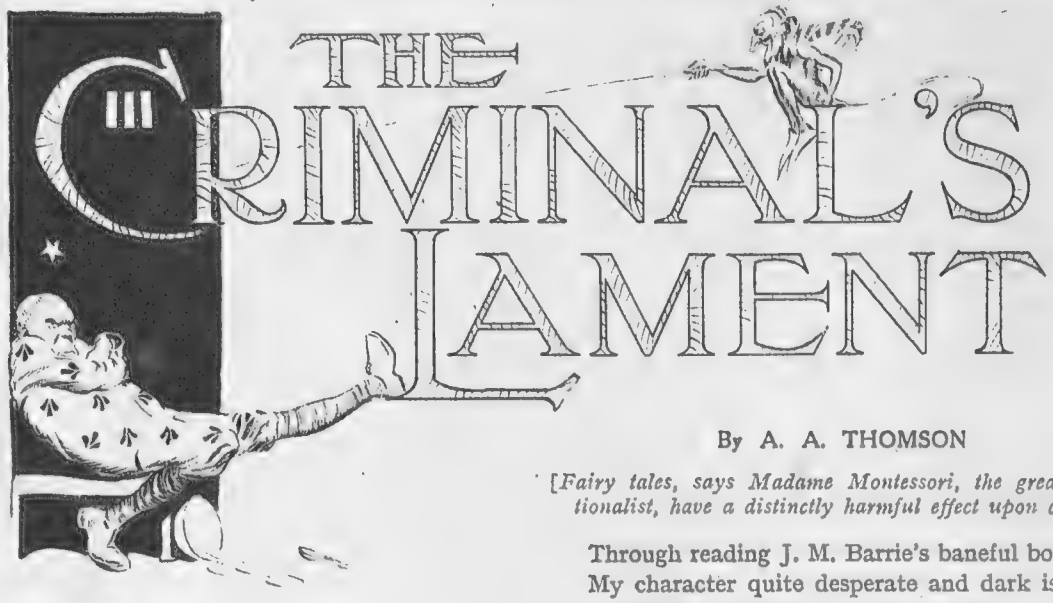
EVEN when Marden has made his formal proposal, Olivia pleads that she must think it over. And she even adds a condition. That is, that if she consents, Marden must agree to let his niece, Dinah, become engaged to the man of her choice.

BEN WEBSTER AS GEO: MARDEN.

THE COUNTY
ETHEL GRIFFIES AS LADY MARDEN.

AND then the expected happens. Mr. Pim turns up again, and again blames himself. The name of his friend from Australia who got fatally involved with the fishbone wasn't Telworthy, but Polwhittle. The names are so much alike! So there was really nothing to make a fuss about, after all. There is, however, enough to afford material for a very delightful entertainment, while scope is afforded for some of the best acting to be seen in London at the moment. Unless the play be found too slight for the present voracious taste of the public, it should enjoy the long and prosperous run it deserves.

JINGLE



THE CRIMINAL'S LAMENT

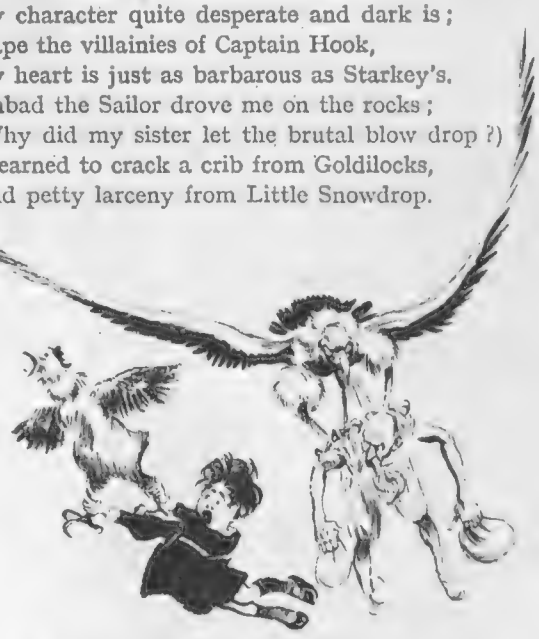
By A. A. THOMSON

[*Fairy tales, says Madame Montessori, the great educationalist, have a distinctly harmful effect upon children.*]

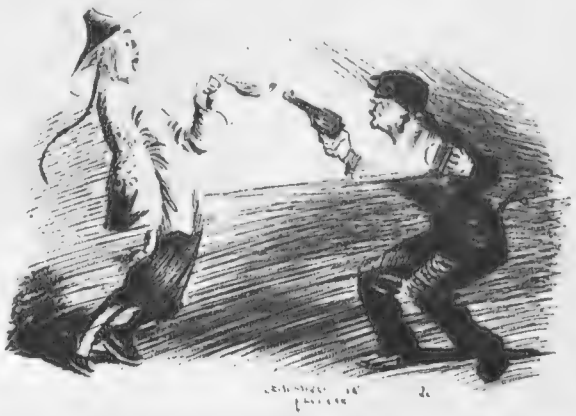
When young, I was a guileless sort of lad—
A child of velvet suits and frilly collars;
No overwhelming passion then I had
For misappropriating spare half-dollars.
But now, alas! I claim the sov'reign right
To steal my neighbour's *gibus* and umbrella;
I trace my downfall to the dreadful night
On which my sister read me "Cinderella."

She spoke of Sister Anne and Old King Cole—
Oh, would to heaven I had never heard her!
For Bluebeard sank into my youthful soul
And turned my thoughts to bigamy and murder
The most unseemly tale of Miss Bo-Peep
Decoyed me from the narrow path of duty;
My sense of rectitude was lulled to sleep,
Merely by hearing of the Sleeping Beauty.

Through reading J. M. Barrie's baneful book,
My character quite desperate and dark is;
I ape the villainies of Captain Hook,
My heart is just as barbarous as Starkey's.
Sinbad the Sailor drove me on the rocks;
(Why did my sister let the brutal blow drop?)
I learned to crack a crib from Goldilocks,
And petty larceny from Little Snowdrop.



Then, parent, save your little one in time
From a career (like mine) debased and gory;
Let not Aladdin spur him on to crime;
Snatch from his hand the fatal fairy story!
Each day that passes you will see in him
The latent spirit of Bill Sikes awaking;
The boy who reads Hans Andersen and Grimm
Is nothing but a Crippen in the making.



SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"The Heart Call"—

—Or, "A Merry Little Bridge Party"

BY STAN. TERRY

A Bit of a Bore

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

My old friend, Norris Tullick had sent a note round to me by hand. He and his wife were having a few friends to tea in the studio. Would I care to drop in? I returned word that I would.

Tullick's studio is in Chelsea. He is a real artist. That is to say, he works with exemplary diligence till he has got twenty pounds in hand. Then he does nothing for a few days while he and his wife are spending the money. After which he goes to work again and makes another twenty pounds, and so *ad infinitum*. One of these days there will be a break of a clear five hours between the passing of one twenty and the arrival of the next, and Tullick will be bankrupt.

When I arrived at the studio Mrs. Tullick met me and implored me not to look so dismal; and then Tullick took me by the arm and steered me towards a drawing that was being examined by a group of his friends. It was the design for the costume of Miss Maxie Maxim, whose new dance had created quite a deal of controversy. In the simple language of one imparting an obvious and elementary truth, Tullick informed me that it was the best thing he had ever done.

I do not criticise Tullick's work. I listen in silence while he points out the excellences of his drawing, and assures me that he is the only artist now living who can do things of such outstanding merit. And he goes away with the conviction that I am quite a brilliant conversationalist.

As a matter of fact, the design interested me because when Miss Maxie Maxim had appeared in the dress on the stage a controversy had been started about it which must have delighted the manager of the theatre very much. One dramatic critic had written in his paper that the dress was obviously not of the kind calculated to elevate the British drama; while a gentleman, with F.R.G.S. after his name, roundly declared that it was an attack on the home life of our dear England.

On the other hand, the Bishop of Hampstead Heath had stated in a specially granted interview that he did not feel able to condemn the costume because he had not seen it. Thus do even our Bishops move with the times.

The comments of Tullick's friends were not particularly clever or interesting, and I am afraid as I stood and listened I was looking a little bored. Mrs. Tullick must have seen on my face that infinite yearning for solitude that comes over me at such times in spite of myself. She crossed over to where I was standing.

"They are boring you?" she said with the nice solicitude of the conscientious hostess.

"Not at all," I protested, with polite mendacity. "I'm immensely interested."

She looked dubious. "Then you must be boring them," she said, with the simple frankness of an old friend. "Come over and talk to Mrs. Mullet. She'll suit you. She's as dull as ditchwater this afternoon."

She led me into a corner where a young lady, quietly but tastefully dressed, was busily knitting a sock. In fact, to judge by the progress she had made with it, it had almost developed into a stocking; but as one does not speak of such things in company, we will call it a sock, and let it go at that. I was presented; and the two young men who had been talking to the lady left her with what seemed a grateful sigh of relief.

"My husband writes for the papers, when they will take his stuff," she said, considerately making conversation, as she continued knitting furiously.

I felt sorry for her from that moment, as I once knew a man who wrote for the papers—when they would take his stuff—and I know what a trying time his wife had with him. But being a naturally untruthful person, I merely said I had seen some of her husband's work, and liked it very much. Still knitting diligently she asked:

"And what did you think of Maxie Maxim's frock the other evening?"

I had the chance of being truthful for once by explaining that I had not seen it. There had been a first night of *King Lear* the same evening, and I had naturally preferred to go to that.

"I don't blame you," she said readily. "If I have to choose between a rotten show and a good one I take the good one every time. You don't mind my going on with my knitting, do you? I like to make my own woollen things, and just now it's very important that I should have something warm to put on directly I come off."

"Off the—stage?" I asked, doubting if I had rightly caught her meaning.

"Yes, of course," she said, looking at me wonderingly. "I am afraid I'm a bit of a bore socially, but I get on all right on the stage. Didn't Mrs. Tullick tell you? I'm Maxie Maxim."

THE BARE TRUTH!

He: "After all, where would Woman be without all her finery?" She: "Presumably in her bath!"

By Hart Harvey

"Trained to a Hair"

Have you noticed this "rush of smartness to the head"? The War wasn't fought in vain, after all

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

On with the Dance!

BY THE BYSTANDER BACK IN BERLIN

THE Bystander-Back-in-Berlin has been studying Prussic Post-War Night Life. He has this week explored the hells of the central Friedrichstradt quarter, the super-hells of the Judo-aristocratic Kurfuerstendamm (which Britons usually call "curse-first-then-damn"), and the petty hellikins, or "Dance-Locals," whither maid-servants resort, paying their cavaliers five marks an evening to dance with them. The B.-B.-in-B.'s impressions after all these explorations are three—first, that Berlin has the dance-craze badly. *Man tanzt!* The second, that Berlin is Erotic. Flamingly, nervously hysterically so. *Neurotisch-Erotisch!* Thirdly, that the Dancing and the Erotics are all the same thing; as in the decent Southern Pacific Terpsichore is the handmaid to Venus.

OF course, this is not all new. Even before Wilhelm, the Marginal-Note-Maker, presented his Berlin with a neat little World-War the city danced at night; and sometimes when you woke up in the Spreewald you saw lower-middle-class trippers dancing at eight in the morning. But now Berlin dances all day, in the best way of Rector's, Murray's, and the Claridge (not London's, but N.Y.'s). Berlin does little but dance; it dances so hard that it forgets that Germany has a home War Debt of two hundred thousand million marks, and God knows how many hundreds of millions for reparation. In private houses they dance all day. When the B.-B.-in-B. lately visited a Danish friend he heard a terrific uproar of gramophone and sliding slippers overhead. "Have they turned your house into a *Tanzlokal?*" he asked. "Not they; it's a very decent sort of Pruss who lost a leg at Ypres, and has a pension. His wife amuses him. They dance all day, and they invite dancing friends. Do you hear his wooden leg tapping?"

SO much for Terpsichore. Now for Neurotic-Erotic Venus. Berlin has lost the famous dull indecency which beautified it in happy pre-War days, when citizens who wanted to think and talk naughtily discussed a much more innocent, but less savoury, theme than illicit love. To-day the Universal Erotic hits you everywhere in the eye; it flares from pictures and postcards, stares from bookshops, giggles from behind footlights, and glares blindingly from kino-films. *Es ist die Liebe!* Love! Sometimes it incarnates itself in vulgar, healthy milkmaid forms; more often in refined and extravagant perversions. And it's Radical-Socialist. The Prussic Junker is as Puritanical as ever. Before the War the only Censors were the Prussic Police and the Rural Commissary, both pillars of Toryism, therefore all Radical-Socialist Oppositionists stood for the FULL FREEDOM OF ART; and to-day, when at last they've got FULL FREEDOM OF ART, naturally they make things hum.

BERLIN'S theatres present only the NEUROTIC-EROTIC. You can't escape it. When you've gasped at the *Untouched Woman* of Gabriel Zapolska; when, not being Radical-Socialist, you want something prim and correct, and rush to see the innocent-named *Box of Pandora* of Franz Wedekind, you find that that's a thousand times wuss. Only naughty things, things which the freest-minded British flapper wouldn't take grandma to. On the whole the Berlin Stage is subtly, suggestively NEUROTIC-EROTIC; but the rest of Berlin tends towards the healthy impudent. Amazing pictures of plethoric nakedness stare from shop-windows, *lingerie* scenes which would shock—THE BYSTANDER'S Advertisement Manager.

THESE things are primarily post-war products. But in one thing Prussland's unchanged. It is always either neurotic-erotic or healthy-erotic, and never airily erotic. The universal, immemorial Germanic craze for ponderous philosophising stamps even *Die Liebe*, Ethics, Æsthetics, Family Education, Science of the Physical Life, *Aufklärung!* In particular *Aufklärung*, which is "Enlightenment," is the catchword. There are Enlightenment Plays, Enlightenment Films, Enlightenment Books, Enlightenment Postcards, advertised as "extraordinarily educational, as Professor Dr. Grosschwein admits," and also as full of "wild pleasures," "unexampled passions," "fantastic piquancy," and "incredible revolutions of the sex-body and sex-soul."

AND these descriptions are usually perfectly true. Early on his first night out the B.-B.-in-B. strolled into a Lower Friedrichstrasse film show. He was blared at by a real live gramophone, which delivered the lecture of a famous Viennese professor, packed with such noble words as *Aufklärung*," "Need for Moral Instruction of Youth," "Psychological-Physiological Objectivity." After that followed a film entertainment of such scarlet contents that the, as a rule, blush-proof cheeks of the B.-B.-in-B. nearly set their adjacent whiskers alight. Naturally the B.-B.-in-B. fled; and he would have considered his whole evening wasted had he not luckily hit upon a close-by Dance-Local, where, at the price of a mere bottle of Henckell Trocken (cost 36 marks, which is only 4*s.*), he witnessed a still more outrageous series of dances, punctuated with solemn lectures by a tuberculous æsthete, who explained that the dances were designed in order to show the incredible iniquity and perversion of the antique world, "and to instruct young men and maids what, in this our tragic hour of War-Misery (*Kriegsnot*), we should do our best to avoid."

THE young men and maids took the advice by sitting out the show to the last. The B.-B.-in-B. fled.

Vive le Président!

M. PAUL DESCHANEL

Who was last week elected by the National Assembly to the Presidency of the French Republic in succession to M. Poincaré. M. Deschanel polled 734 votes out of the 888 placed in the electoral urn. He will replace M. Poincaré at the Élysée on February 18th.

"CASTLES I

IN SPAIN"

BY WILMOT LUNT

Silhouettes from Syria

The above silhouettes have been drawn by Capt. J. B. Oakley, the youngest brother of Capt. H. L. Oakley, whose silhouettes from the trenches and from Italy are so well known to our readers. Capt. Oakley's cuttings will bring back vivid memories to many who have served in "those lesser campaigns" during the last few years

The Bystander in PARIS

"COMMENT ELLES S'HABILLENT"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Then so slight a touch of rouge to the lips"

MES AMIS—

"IN Paris the girls do themselves up and dress so well that they look prettier than they really are." It is so that an English girl has written to me, and I reply, "Madame, by that you see how incomparably superior to nature is art." I do not discuss the statement of "prettier than they are." A woman, madame, is just as pretty as she looks, and she only looks pretty when she is clever enough to look prettier than she is.

TO-DAY I have watched the toilette of one of those who "do themselves up." (This history is quite proper.) It has been the station of the Nord Sud at La Madelaine that she has chosen for her dressing-room. In your London Tube I have never seen anything so interesting. "Le Moineau," for it was of that that she reminded me, has regarded how she looked in the mirror of the automatic machine. "*Tiens!*" she has said to herself. "I grow old since the morning. There is time before the train will come," so she has seated herself on the bench. It has been like the toilette of a bird.

IN her little bag she has a mirror, a powder-puff, oh, so minute! and a crayon of rouge. First the nose, then the cheeks, then a brush to the neck, then so slight a touch of rouge to the lips. And the result! Perhaps, madame my correspondent, you have a soldier brother. Ask him his memories of his last leave in Paris before the War finished, and do not pay attention to what he says about how the girls were all painted and powdered, and how he despised them. Watch his eyes, the hypocrite! and listen how he has begun to whistle "Madelon."

Voilà! *Le Moineau* has given the last little dust of powder to her nose and a last look into her mirror. She is as without self-consciousness as the little bird to which I have likened her. Now she feels pretty again, which is just as interesting as to feel good.

THERE was once that I said to Gi-Gi, when she has complained how the price of silk stockings mounted itself: "Then why not buy them of wool?" She has made big eyes at me for a minute, and then she said: "I should feel good like a sister of Charity. It would be horrible."

BUT in this last year some people have said how the dresses have been really shocking, and the Cardinal Archbishop has had to remonstrate with his faithful ones, and tell them that they must show more discretion and less of themselves when they make the *grande tenue*. Everyone has wondered how it was that the Cardinal Archbishop knew so much about the fashion unless he went himself to the "dancings" of the big hotels.

"How the Cardinal Archbishop knew so much about the fashion"

AND there have been some of us Frenchmen who have agreed with the Cardinal Archbishop. There was, for example, Adolphe Brandès, who was engaged to Yvonne. One evening she has come to a dance in a new dress. "How do you like my dress, Adolphe?" she has whispered to him as they danced. Adolphe looked down. "I had scarcely noticed it," he replied, "while you appear to me too apparent to be my wife." They have finished the dance together because they are well-bred people, but as he handed her to her chaperon she pushed into his glove

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

her engagement ring, and that affair is finished.

IT was a case in which there has been too much nature and too little art. But sometimes there is also too much art. That was the case of Solange. Since many months she has been the Queen of the Fox Trot at the Café X. It has been an honour and an education to dance with her. One boasted to one's friends, "You know, old, I danced last night at the Café X. with Solange."

THEN came the night of the Christmas *réveillon*. Solange has thought, "What shall I do to make a great success?" Then she has done it, and gone to the café. Everyone stared. "*Mais qu'est ce que c'est*, Solange?" they have cried when they have recognised her. For once she has sat sometimes alone, because only the bravest would dance with her. Even Frenchmen are shy of what is *trop bizarre*, and as well as to wear anklets and bracelets of green ostrich feathers for the most of her clothes, Solange had dyed her hair green!

EVERYTHING in its place, Mesdames, both nature and art. For myself, I am always afraid when I dance with some of those who allow too much nature that an accident will happen like it did—but I must not tell that story, though the lady was quite respectable, and was at first too shy to tell her partner in what danger the situation rested. At last she told him to hold her quite tight and tango right out of the door.

NOW, Gi-Gi tells me, the *mode* will not be so *décolleté*. Perhaps the Cardinal Archbishop will think that it is because of his letter, but I think it is more the severity of Adolphe Brandès and the danger, which is very frequent, that the little ribbons or string of pearls, on which everything depends, will break and make a disaster.

"—— And make a disaster"

NOW that we have elected a new President of the Republic and the Peace business is at last

"And that affair is finished"

really settled, everyone begins to take an absorbing interest in clothes. Taking an absorbing interest is the secret of doing things well. No one ever took an absorbing interest in the Peace Conference. But the real reason of the interest in clothes is because all the big shops who set the fashion are quarrelling like a League of Nations as to what our women are to wear this year.

THERE are some who want to develop the pannier business and make the girls look like the dome of the Invalides below the waist as they were in the time of Louis XV. But there are others of our designers who want the boulevards to look like Ancient Egypt, with all the girls wearing a tunic, which rumour says is even scantier than last year's little bits of skirts. One never knows. Perhaps we shall see a Grand Prix as it was in the time of the Ptolomies.

IF it is so, and nature wins, it will be all right for getting out and into a taxi-cab, but just imagine Madame la Pompadour in a Henry Ford.

PHILIPPE

Practical Telepathy

UTILISING "SPIRIT RAPPING" FOR THE CORRECTION OF THE YOUNG

BY HEATH ROBINSON

MIXED GRILL

By Reginald Arkell & Alfred Leete

"Just be as like him as you can"

HENDERSON

DEAR Thomas, Henderson and Co.,
'Tis very difficult, I know,
To rise from workshops, mills and pits,
To those great heights where Winston sits.
You can't be like that super-man,
Just be as like him as you can!

"The lady with the paper knife"

MRS. ASQUITH

WILL Mrs. Asquith kindly tell us
In that big book she's going to sell us,
Exactly what she thinks about
The man who turned her hubby out?
The lady with the paper knife
Looks *rather* like the Premier's wife.

"When we shall barter verse and prose"

BARTER

MONEY is getting scarce, I'm told,
We simply haven't any gold,
And now that income tax is due,
We're running out of silver, too.
The days are coming, I suppose,
When we shall barter verse and prose
For curried prawns and evening clothes.

"At picking pockets she will score"

LADY BURGLAR

HEY-GO-UP and hey-go-down!
The lady burglar comes to town.
She may not give Bill Sikes a start
At picking locks, but, bless your heart,
At picking pockets she will score,
She's done that sort of thing before!

MR. PUSSYFOOT

WHEN Mr. Pussyfoot begins
To purge us of our deadly sins,
By substituting poison for
The stuff on which we won the War,
The jolly soul who loves a drink
Will stand himself a glass of ink.

"The jolly soul who loves a drink"

"We can't afford to have the 'flu"

THE 'FLU

IF what the papers say is true,
We can't afford to have the 'flu;
Nor any of those various ills
We read about in doctor's bills.
I sit and brood, while Memory paints
Fond pictures of my lost complaints.

SCOTSMEN

IN Paris, I have heard it said,
A tax of two-and-six a head
Must soon be paid by everyone
Who goes to France to have some fun.
If every Scot in London town
Were forced to pay that half-a-crown,
We might get jobs in Fleet Street, and
Hear English spoken in the Strand.

"We might get jobs in Fleet Street"

A Modern Tragedy

By RONALD M. NEWMAN

So far, we had enjoyed an exceedingly comfortable journey. There were only just the two of us; myself and the meek-looking, tired in appearance, pale little man who had lolled contentedly in the opposite corner of the carriage for well over an hour without speaking a word.

As the train pulled up at its first stopping place, the door of our compartment was jerked open and a stout, middle-aged woman entered. With a politely-subdued sigh, I removed my legs from the seat, and she settled herself in the far corner of the carriage, facing the little man.

Five minutes later, on looking casually up from my book, I was surprised to see an expression of the completest horror on his face. It was worse than horror: fear, dread, agony were written plainly on every feature of his countenance. With wide-open, staring eyes, he was gazing at the woman confronting him. His lips moved, but no words came; and his hands twitched spasmodically.

I looked at the apparent object of his fear—but she seemed ignorant of what was going on, and fumbled away at a small black hand-bag.

At last it opened with a decided *click!* The look of dread on the little man's face became more intense. I could see beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead. Then, with a sharp cry, he fell on his knees before the stout lady.

"Madam," he cried, "I beg, I implore you to desist! I am aware that I have no right to ask a favour of you, but for pity's sake spare me! I can stand it no longer. Sometimes I think it will drive me to lunacy. I have warned my wife and three daughters—but they only laugh at me. Nothing will prevent them. They are held fast in the grip of this ghastly habit! Please, please. . . ."

"I don't understand what you mean," said the stout woman, nervously glancing from me to the communication cord. "Really, it is absurd!" she continued, fumbling with an air of defiance in her hand-bag. "Surely I can eat a sandwich in your presence, can't I?"

"A sandwich?" echoed the little man, with a hollow laugh. "A sandwich! Great Heavens, yes!"

He rose to his feet and bowed low. "Madam, a thousand apologies! I was under the impression that you were about to—to *knit a jumper!*"

A great sigh of relief escaped his lips. He sat down and spoke not a word for the rest of the journey.

"SPEEDING UP" ON THE UNDERGROUND
A peep behind the scenes during the training of "hustlers"
By W. E. Wigfull

The Call of the Classics

["*There never was such a demand for classical literature as now.*"—Daily Paper.]

Aminta was wont to read novels,
All sugary, scented romance,
Whose heroes had motors and mansions (no hovels),
And a breastful of ribbons from France.
She thirsted for serial stories
Of perfect and passionate Love
(A capital L!), plus the glamour and glories
Referred to above.

Though faint, still pursuing she feasted
On authors who ARE, not who WERE;
With Chambers and Garvice and Oppenheim trysted—
No moth-eaten matter for her!

The "sob stuff" whose hallmark was Hocking
For her taste was a trifle too thin,
But she quivered and thrilled to a tale (slightly shocking)
By Elinor Glyn.

But now she is stolidly feeding
On classics, discarding the crude
"Best-seller"—her regular ration of reading
Is ranging from Horace to Froude.
From Gibbon and Pope she will swivel
To Homer (*le dernier cri!*);
But when, as a contrast, her soul demands drivel
She rushes to . . . ME!

E. L. Roberts

The Domestic "Bogey"!

TACTLESS FRIEND: "What is your husband's handicap now?"
THE GOLF WIDOW: "From his few remarks when I *do* see him, I am!"

BY NORMAN KEENE

"He Laughs Best—

—Who Laughs Last!"

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

Monte Carlo while you Wait

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON
Illustrated by PIZER

No. VIII.—"Bold Paul"

It was at dinner, on the night of Mrs. Phillips' flitting, that the appalling discovery was made. "But, how awful!" exclaimed Miss Vail. "The only married woman of the party has gone. We haven't any chaperon!"

Miss Vail was thirty-eight if she was a day, but she dressed for twenty-eight, and was peculiarly sensitive about the proprieties.

"Dear me!" gasped Miss Minto. "Does it matter—at Monte Carlo?"

Miss Malone said nothing at all. But she was rather frightened. Not for herself. It was for the others—how they would take it: whether they'd pack their things and go, rather than risk gossip, even at *their* age, breaking up the party, spoiling the season, and leaving her alone with the men! She felt as if this "scrape" were her fault. *She* ought to have been the chaperon—"Lady Borrodaile at home"—and so she would be, were it not for Eve Phillips. Her eyes turned to Berrian Borrodaile, and instantly he spoke, as if she'd touched a spring.

"Oh, but don't you know—perhaps I forgot to tell you," he said, "that I'm expecting a most *competent* chaperon to-night?"

"Just in the nick of time," observed Sir James Sprott. He didn't know much about the conventionalities with a capital C, and he feared that his little *fiancée*, Cordelia Minto, was as provincially ignorant as himself. But Miss Vail was an authority. And she said the thing was *awful*. He wasn't going to have Cordelia talked about. Something must be done, at once. He felt a sense of relief that something was to be done.

Berry spoke with such cool confidence that Rosaleen could almost have believed his reassuring statement; though not quite. If anyone were coming, she would have heard. But—what had Berry up his sleeve? Anything at all?

Not for a great deal would she have catechised him. Miss Vail, however, was not so considerate. "Who *is* she?" the Well Connected One asked—a question she was accustomed to putting when any woman not known to be a countess was mentioned.

"Who—er—oh, well, by an odd and rather appropriate coincidence," temporised Borrodaile, "the lady's name is—Mrs. Grundy."

Rosaleen almost choked, and hastily drank some water. Miss Minto looked rather timidly from her big Yorkshire man to Sir Berrian Borrodaile, in case there were a joke which Ca' Canny might resent. But Berry's face was grave.

"Mrs. Grundy!" echoed Ermyntrude Vail. "Is it one of the Shropshire Grundys?"

"No, *not* the Shropshire Grundys," he answered, knowing (one heard it often enough!) that Miss Vail was from Shropshire.

"Perhaps the Northampton ones?" she suggested. "The Duchess of Martinleigh was a Grundy."

"*Our* Mrs. Grundy—or, rather, her husband—is not of that family," was wrung from Borrodaile. Rosaleen writhed for him.

"There *are* no other Grundys," said Miss Vail.

"Oh, yes there are," Berry informed her. "There's Sidney Grundy, the playwright."

"Ah!"

"But she's not that Mrs. Grundy," the stricken young man hurried on. "She's—well, as a matter of fact, she is more important than any of the other Grundys. She may be mysterious, but hers is the sort of mystery—er—that's an honour to have in the house. You'll find that out for yourselves in good time. Meanwhile, I'm not going to tell you any more about the lady—except that you'll like her."

"By what train is she coming?" that gadfly of a Vail woman persisted.

Berry's mind caught at train after train, and fell off again. "She is coming by motor," he said. "You will all go to the Sporting Club as usual, but I must stay at home to welcome—Mrs. Grundy. When you get back about midnight or so you'll find her here."

"She may have a breakdown with her car, and

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (continued)

not turn up," fussed Miss Vail, looking virginal. " In which case——."

" Mrs. Grundy never has breakdowns, and always turns up," Borrodaile snubbed her.

Obediently everyone prepared to depart in Coneybeare's car, and Rosaleen's new Baby Bunting, which already filled the place of Eve Phillips' car in the garage. For a moment before starting, however, Miss Malone snatched a chance for a word with Berry alone.

" Who *is* this creature you're going to get in ? "

" Heaven knows. At least, I hope Heaven does. I don't. All I do know is, I shall get somebody—somebody respectably married or widowed—or die doing it."

" Don't die, Berry," moaned the girl. And then there was time for no more.

The instant that the autos were beyond earshot Borrodaile sat down, and wound up his wits like the starting-handle of a motor-car. A cinema dream of all the married women he knew on the Riviera flickered past his eyes. None would do, even at the sharpest pinch. The cold-hearted brutes all had husbands or homes, or at least hotels.

When he had mentally dismissed the whole procession, he slammed on his hat and dashed down to the Casino. It was just possible that some acquaintances had arrived and were dissatisfied with their hotels. He dared not try the Sporting Club, for his party was there. The Casino was safe, but—it was disappointing. There wasn't a female face that would bear transplantation to the " Roc."

In despair, he thought of some French actress. She could pose as the widow of an Englishman named Grundy, and being French would add *sauce piquante* to the dish of mystery he had cooked. But no. Occasionally Berry was troubled with a conscience. He had a weakness for keeping promises. And in an expansive moment he'd promised a woman " respectably married or widowed." . . . What *should* he do ? It was ten o'clock, and by midnight Mrs. Grundy must be in the house.

It was then, as he glared at his wrist watch, that he had an inspiration. He was in such haste to get home that he took a taxi. Inside the villa he listened. The house was very quiet; no laughter of servants—the mice who play when the cat's away. Had they gone to bed ? Not all, he hoped.

Gently he tiptoed to the rear regions of Roc Azur. The servants were new as freshly laid eggs. They had arrived only that afternoon, when " the Phillips' gang " had gone. The dinner had been highly complimented, but no one had seen the cook; no one except Berry.

A light stole through the door of the *salle des gens*. It was ajar, and all was silent within. Sir Berrian Borrodaile tapped. " *Entrez !* " cried a female voice; and Berry entered to see, seated alone writing a letter—the cook.

She was too pretty to call a " female." She was lusciously, southernly pretty, and all woman. These French-Italian peasants are natural born ladies !

Here, if Heaven willed, was Mrs. Grundy !

. . . . . .

It was distinctly difficult, explaining. But Berry was good at surmounting difficulties. He threw himself upon the mercy of Madame Henriette Amaranthe. It was for the Honour of the House. It was to keep the party together. And it would not be for long. In a few days, Sir Berrian hoped, he and Miss Malone would be married. Then *she* would take on the job of chaperon and Madame Henriette could return to the kitchen. Madame la Cuisinière, however, did not show as much delight in this last prospect, as Berry had supposed.

Still, she made no comment. She could, she said, supply another cook; her sister, to whom she was writing at that moment. Josephine could come from Mentone at a moment's notice. But, unfortunately, they were twins. What if the likeness were remarked between Mrs. Grundy, *la grande dame*, and *la petite cuisinière* ? "

" It mustn't be remarked," said Berry.

" The one way to prevent it is to dress me magnificently," said Henriette in French—her own language. " I will tell Monsieur what we must do. I will be in bed, tired out from my journey, when the ladies and gentlemen return. Then, early in the morning, Monsieur will arise, say at five. He will travel by the workmen's train to Mentone. He will fetch back Josephine in a taxi. The other servants will take her for me, we are so alike. I shall keep my room until Monsieur has procured from Monte Carlo for me—a skilled hair dresser, a manicurist, and dresses, lingerie, stockings, shoes, hats, cloaks, not forgetting toilet things, and a little jewellery which he will buy himself on approval, and bring home in his own hands."

" But—but if they don't fit ? ' groaned Berry, appalled at the Herculean task before him.

" I lie in bed till I have things that do, Monsieur ! But all is simple. I will hand to Monsieur through my new bedroom door a bundle containing samples of *everything*."

" Well, has she come all right ? " was the first question of the Yorkshire millionaire, on returning.

That a *man*, not a woman, showed this anxiety, made Berry realise what an important thing it was that he could say, " Yes: very tired: in bed. She'll probably sleep late and you'll see her at luncheon time. Then you'll all have a surprise."

How he hoped that the surprise might be an agreeable one.

He actually did take the " workmen's train " to Mentone next morning, lest the noise of a car leaving the garage should arouse curiosity.

Fortunately, the peasant class rise early in the South of France. When Berry had climbed three flights of stone stairs in a tall house of old Mentone, known as the *Vieille Ville* (the place had once been a frescoed palace and still owned a view that was priceless), he found Josephine making coffee for her husband, who was in the *Octroi*. Why, yes, she could come—for the bribe this Milord Anglais named. Berry had to tell her the near-truth about his need and she grinned. " But, Monsieur, has my sister spoken of her husband ? "

(*Continued on page 251*

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MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (continued)

"No," replied Berry, his heart turning to a cold boiled turnip. "All she said was, that she *had* a husband."

"He is due home on a holiday, from the Argentine. What will he say, what will he *think*, when he finds his wife living the life of a lady in a fine villa where I am cook?"

"We'll take him into our confidence."

"Mon Dieu! He would not believe a word. He is a terribly jealous man, and Henriette is neither ugly nor old."

"Well then,"—desperately—"why can't you and she change places. *Your* husband——"

"Is even more jealous, Monsieur. It is necessary to risk Henriette."

It was. And the wretched Berry, bundle under arm (*such* a bundle!) taxied to Monte just as the earliest shops were opening. This chaperon for the maidens of Roc Azur was an expensive luxury. She had to be furnished with extravagances from A to Z. You couldn't economise even in the matter of a petticoat. Suppose her exquisite frock should be blown out of shape by a mistral and betray red flannel? Only Royalty can afford lapses like these.

"This French beauty, married to an Englishman named Grundy, had attracted a group round her"

Berry bought a trunk and a fitted bag, and groaning over the cost, spun from shop to shop in a taxi, filling up the luggage. Three dresses he purchased from the measurement afforded by a pair of corsets—nightmare corsets such as he realised must be worn by the Submerged Tenth. But three dresses (at six hundred francs each) wouldn't last long in the life of a Society Queen like Mrs. Grundy; and here was still another incentive for hurrying on his marriage—even if love for Rosaleen and dread of the man from the Argentine weren't enough.

He tore to Roc Azur in his taxi, carried up Mrs. Grundy's luggage himself (it wasn't ten o'clock, and all save Rosaleen were still in their rooms) and tore down again to Monte. There he interviewed Mr. Sim the British Consul, and Mr. Jamblin, the Chaplain of the English Church. Could he—oh, *could* he!—be married to-morrow? Well then, day after?

Hearing how marriage is wound up in red tape abroad, Berry groaned. But you can't hurry the Law, any more than you can call the sun up before its hour by whistling to it. The miserable man tottered back to his taxi, and tried to stabilise a pleasant, hostlike smile on his face to show at the Villa. What would he find awaiting him there? he asked himself. Would Mrs. Grundy be down? Would she be "making good"? He tried to believe that, at worst, Rosaleen (who was in the whole secret) could rise to any occasion single-handed.

Fortunately, however, Rosaleen's diplomatic talents had not been strained. Mrs. Grundy *was* down (it was nearly lunch time) and the guests who had denied themselves the Casino not to miss her first appearance, were charmed with the new chaperon. Indeed—Berry saw at first glance—they had reason to be charmed! She did credit to his taste in hat, frock, stockings, *tout ensemble*. This French beauty, married to an Englishman named Grundy, had attracted a group round her on the *loggia* of Roc Azur. She was telling her audience how her brave British husband had won every kind of decoration in the War, and had then been killed. Why was she not in black? (a murmured question from Miss Vail). Oh, *cher Edward* had detested black, and left instructions in his will that half a million francs of his fortune would go to the Church of England if his widow went into mourning. Of course, she did not approve *that*. She was *catholique!*

All was well in appearance, even brilliant, though the keystone of the bridge was far from firm. However, Berry was content with Mrs. Grundy till after luncheon, when she gaily called her host aside.

"I hear that these Messieurs and Mesdames are playing wonderful systems of your invention," she began. "Well, I, too, must have a system—the most wonderful of all."

"But—have you any capital?" hedged Berry.

"Certainly not, to gamble with. I will do that on your capital. You will, of course, provide it for me. You can, no doubt, do this safely, as you have faith in your own systems. And it would be most unsafe *not* to do it, as in that case I should repent my bargain with you, Monsieur. I should either invite my sister Josephine into the *salle-à-manger* to dine with me, or I should dine with her in the *salle-de-gens*. Besides, there is another thing. Your charming guests tell me they do not always win. But my nerves would not stand ups and downs of luck. I should become hysterical. I should confess all. Monsieur, for your own sake, and the sake of Mademoiselle Malone, it is necessary that, without fail, I win each day. Have you a system which can assure me of this?"

If he hadn't, Berry said that he must do the

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (continued)

assuring himself, or the reputation of Roc Azur would tumble like a house of cards.

"I'll do my best," he promised, aching to wring Mrs. Grundy's noble brown column of neck, and not wondering that Monsieur Rossi had sought fortune as far off as the Argentine.

His best—or what he thought would make the best appeal to this lady's combined lust for drama and gain, was

BOLD PAUL.

"Bold Paul" was so named by Berry after a dashing punter from Marseilles, who had made himself famous in the Casino by a few days' huge success on a system of the sort; after which he had vanished, and had never been heard of again.

The "idea" was in the progressions. For the attack, anything would do, likely to give runs of wins, even if it gave also runs of losses, for the wins (if in succession) were far higher than the losses. The old *avant dernier* (betting always for the colour *before* the last) was good, especially with waits while *coups de deux* (runs of two) were coming out in "bunches," for on them you lost every time. With this attack, you could make your big *coup* on Bold Paul with a run of five intermittances, or a run of six on a colour. Playing only for runs of a colour was not bad for "Paul": that is, betting that each colour appearing would continue; "going for" black, or red, as the case might be, whenever you saw it. In this way you lost on all intermittances; but you could bring off your game on a run of five of a colour instead of six; and you could sometimes save losses by waiting for intermittances and bunches of *coups de deux* to roll by.

The aim of Bold Paul was to gain 60 units in four successive wins; and his attempt was made simply though bravely. His first stake was 3 units. If he won, six pieces lay on the table. To these he added three more of his own, making nine, ready for the second spin of the wheel. A win put eighteen pieces on the table, six being the player's own, twelve the Bank's. All these he boldly left; and a third win made the pile 36. After this, Paul withdrew his own original six, leaving thirty, all got from the bank, and a fourth win turned this into sixty. That finished the game for the moment.

Berry's idea was to give Mrs. Grundy eight hundred francs, and instruct her how to play the system with a unit of five francs. But he soon saw that she was incapable of receiving instructions. He was obliged to sit glued to her side at a Roulette table and play for her while she looked on, wildly rejoicing if he won, conspicuously cast down if he lost. When in the first *séance* he made a big haul, the lady's shrewd French mind saw Bold Paul's possibilities in wider perspective. "We will increase the unit to a louis," she announced, "and make something worth while! No? You do not approve? Neither will my husband—*Mon brave Hyacinthe!*—approve this plot in which I am involved. He may appear among us to-morrow, *en bombe*, unless I give instructions to Josephine's husband to send him on arrival, upon a wild goose chase after me, to Marseilles."

Berrian Borrodaile became the slave of Mrs. Grundy.

(*Continued on page 258*)

POPE & BRADLEY
Sole Proprietor H. Dennis Bradley
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

MASTERS AND MISTRESSES

To meet the many requests, reproductions of some of this series of pictures, including "The Original Jazz," "The Interrupted Jazz," "The Beautiful Rag," and "Victory," are now published in colour, 17" by 12" at 1/- each.

LIGHTER THAN AIR.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IF we could always permit ourselves never to be serious it would be a beautiful world.

Is it possible for the mind to become too clever? Perhaps! But then one can always lose it. And only the few deserve the joy of madness.

In a mixed tête-a-tête it is a fascinating occupation to separate the chaff from the wit.

A pretty person, who failed to excite in me any physical appeal, was complimentary and called me a "buffoon." She was right! I did not make love, so, of course, to her I was a "buffoon."

The emotion of a fat fool is merely a voluptuous vomit.

Politically I incline to the belief that England is suffering from fatty degeneration of the Art.

I do not tell the truth simply because of the love of it; but my fighting spirit cannot resist the magnificent challenge.

Why value applause? The bawls of the multitude are the mere expression of tragic impotence.

One has to learn to love a few or become an anchorite and find oneself. Am I unselfish or ambitious?

The beauty of my virtuous emotion towards some women amazes me, until I analyse the virtue of desire.

Pity the poor provider. I must live joyfully, and be luxuriously lazy. That is why I write subtle advertisements instead of original plays.

I live in a sublime state of unsettled subtlety. (Curse these alliterations, I can't keep away from them. But they breed themselves naturally. I do not manufacture.

A woman wears a halo when she cannot wear beautiful clothes.

Some of us are born light; some achieve lightness; and some have ethereal things thrust upon them.

"To argue with you is useless," said an irritated charmer to me one day; "it is like water on a duck's back." She lacked the grace to say that it was like champagne on a bird of paradise's tail.

If one leads a devil of a life one must at least have the courtesy to give Satan a warm handshake in the whereafter.

To keep one's mind fresh and clean it is necessary to change it at least as often as one changes one's underclothing.

It is possible that a woman can fool all men some of the time; it is probable she can fool some men all the time; but she would only acknowledge to her intimates that she can fool all men all the time ("Hell," said the Duke).

Only supermen are strong enough to bear the truth. The sensitive soul of woman does not aspire to Herculean occupation.

* * * * *

I am tired of clothes, and bored with food; but I shall always need shelter; therefore, I must casually mention that Pope and Bradley continue to make good clothes at almost altruistic prices. Lounge Suits, from £10 10s. Dinner Suits, from £14 14s. Overcoats, from £10 10s.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY
14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C

What every cigarette smoker should know.

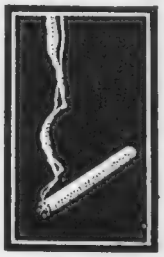
THE QUALITY of present-day cigarettes is a matter of such importance to millions of smokers that we offer no apology for a statement of the facts as regards those of our own manufacture.

Over twelve months ago, foreseeing the coming shortage of the finest Old Belt Virginia leaf—which we exclusively use in the manufacture of our Piccadilly Cigarettes—one of our Directors went over to the actual plantation in the U.S.A. and not only bought heavily but secured an option on the first selections of future crops.

As a consequence, we have been able to maintain our Piccadilly Cigarettes at that standard of excellence which has made them so much preferred by the *real* connoisseur.

We guarantee that Piccadilly Cigarettes are made by hand, solely of the very finest selected Old Belt Virginia and Eastern Carolina leaf and that they are the highest attainment in the art of cigarette making.

We feel sure that the thoughtful public will appreciate the foresight which has enabled us, in one of the necessities of modern life, to live up to the highest traditions of our industry.



This announcement will repay careful reading

S & O S

SHAPE 40

Summit Collars

THIS is the famous shape "40" Summit Collar with the lock top. An indication of its popularity is evidenced by the fact that it has been found necessary to hold a stock of it in no less than five depths, 1¾, 2, 2¼, 2½ and 2¾ inches. Then in each depth there are quarter sizes—every quarter inch from 14 to 18 inches, with a 13½ inch in depths 1¾, 2 and 2¼, and sizes 18½ and 19 inches in depth 1¾. This unique range of sizes and depths gives you the widest choice ever offered in collars, and enables you to secure that exactitude of fitting which means perfect collar comfort and appearance.

10½d *each.* *SIX for 5/-*

Sample Collar and Booklet, post free, 1/-

¶ *Write to our Post Order Department:* 29 Nicholl Square, London, E.C. 1

Austin Reed Ltd

Hosiers to Discerning Men.

SIX LONDON SHOPS

13 Fenchurch St., E.C. 3 — 33 Oxford Street, W. 1
113 Regent Street, W. 1 — 157a Cheapside. E.C. 2
5 St. Mary Axe, E.C. 3 — 189 Strand, W.C. 2

Also at 41 New Street, Birmingham, and St. Ann's Square, Manchester

120

Stagecraft v. Ringcraft—

—In Friendly Rivalry on the "Footer" Field

As will be gathered from these sketches, there was plenty of amusement for those who went to Fulham last week to witness the Association football match, in aid of St. Dunstan's Hospital for the Blind, between a team of actors and a team of boxers. After many thrilling episodes the boxers ultimately won on the post by 3 goals to 2

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

GAMES & PASTIMES

AQUATIC ACTIVITY AT OXFORD

This Term, at Oxford, the Isis has quite come into its own again. In addition to the 'Varsity eight, whose practice for the boat-race is recorded daily in the Press, numerous college crews are getting into training and the river in the afternoons is fairly alive with tub pairs and eights

RUGBY FOOTBALL

That Eleventh-Hour Change

One cannot be surprised at the disapproval which has been expressed at the eleventh-hour change which was made in the English side in the recent International at Swansea between England and Wales. W. M. Lowry, the left-wing three-quarter, had actually "changed" and been photographed with the team, when it was announced that H. L. V. Day, who had gone to Swansea as a reserve man, would play in his place, the reason given being that he was likely to do better on the wet ground than Lowry.

What is a Reserve?

The selection of a few reserve men (whose names are sometimes published and sometimes not) is, of course, a necessary precaution against illness or some other disability occurring among the players actually chosen to represent the side. But it has hitherto been generally understood that reserves are chosen with that object alone, and that, bar accidents, the side actually chosen will, *ipso facto*, be the side that plays. I can see nothing to justify the action of the Selection Committee in substituting Day for Lowry for the reason alleged, although there may have been nothing except convention to prevent them from so doing.

Faulty Reasoning

Apart from the injustice done to Lowry himself, the question that naturally arises is—if the Selectors had any doubts of the ability of Lowry to play on a wet ground, why did they choose him, seeing that at this time of year grounds are more likely to be wet than they are to be dry? On the other hand, one reason, doubtless, why Lowry was chosen was that he and Hammett had played together in the last trial. If, as the majority of the critics seemed to think, this was good policy, why was it "scrapped" at the last minute? Lastly, it would seem that chopping and changing of this kind indicates lack of confidence on the part of the Selectors in their own judgment and in the men whom they had chosen, and one can be sure that it did not tend to improve the *moral* of the side as a whole.

The Side *v.* France

I am glad to see that the Selectors have made the *amende honorable* by restoring Lowry to his place in the team to play against France. I am also glad that the changes made in the team are comparatively few, because, when all is said and done, our team were beaten not because they were in any sense a

THE WELSH RUGBY FOOTBALL FIFTEEN

Who beat England so decisively in the recent International match at Swansea. The deciding factors in the game were the combined excellence of the forwards and the individual cleverness of J. Shea, the Newport centre three quarter, who, in the matter of actual scoring, claimed 16 out of the 19 points scored by Wales.

Left to right, standing:—C. W. Jones, J. Williams, J. Jones, G. Oliver, S. Morris, T. Parker; seated:—J. Rees, J. Wetter, J. Shea, H. Uzzell, J. Whitfield, W. Powell, B. Evans; on ground, B. Benyon, A. Jenkins

GAMES AND PASTIMES (concluded)

LAWN TENNIS

The Davis Cup

THE other day I met a prominent official of the Lawn Tennis Association who has himself before now captained an International team, and my thoughts naturally turned to the Davis Cup. "Well," I said, "our people haven't done so badly after all, have they?" "No," he replied, "but I'm disappointed." "Disappointed? Why?" I asked. "D'you know," said he, "I really thought we were going to win!" There's optimism for you!

MISS E. RYAN

Who, partnered by M. J. G. Ritchie, in the Mixed Doubles at the Carlton Lawn Tennis Tournament at Cannes last week, achieved the very rare feat—on the Riviera, at any rate—of beating the famous Mlle. Lenglen, whose partner was P. Albarran, a leading French player. In the Singles, however, Mlle. Lenglen remained invincible, beating Miss Ryan with the loss of only one game

Cheery Optimism

I CONFESS that I was never able to screw myself up to this patriotic belief. I knew that we were bound to lose the Doubles match, and how, with Patterson on the other side, we were going to win the necessary three Singles I could not see. Yet I know that there were many other stout-hearted fellows besides my friend, who were quite hopeful that the Davis Cup would come cruising back to England this year, and I learn from one source that Norman Brookes stated some days before the tie was played that he was not by any means confident in the success of his side. Unless he said this out of sheer politeness—which is, of course, possible—it means that our men must have been shaping jolly well in practice.

"Non sine gloria"

AND yet this kind of prophecy was more nearly right than that of those who, having no eyes or ears for anything beyond what happened at Wimbledon, persistently cried "Ichabod," vowing that the glory of English lawn tennis had departed for good and all, and that the expedition to Australia was the wildest of wild-goose chases ever known. Our men have not succeeded in "lifting" the Cup, but they have emerged from a very trying ordeal with infinite credit, and have done a great deal towards rehabilitating the prestige of the Old Country. H. S. S.

The Castlebank Service

What it Means to You

By Donald Howat

IN a sentence, this Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing Service stands as a bulwark between your pocket and the high prices of all Clothing—both women's and men's. When one reflects that the older cloths are vastly superior in wearing qualities to present-day fabrics, you will agree that it is better to invest a few shillings in having your older suits and costumes cleaned and repaired—rather than spend pounds on new clothes made of material that *will not* withstand wear. Scotland has long been recognised as the home of Cleaning and Dyeing—and, as any Scottish friend will tell you—Castlebank Dyeworks are regarded as having raised Dyeing, Cleaning, and Repairing to the level of an Art. Little wonder, since this famous firm have adopted in equipment and in craftsmanship, not only the best that is British, but the best that is French. They own exclusive rights in the secret "Franco-Barbe" Process of Cleaning and Dyeing—the Lyons invention which has helped to give the Frenchwoman her "chic" and, incidentally, has saved her many many francs in her dress bill. A striking example of the intelligent, live methods of this firm, is that admirable "Khaki Conversion" Service which they have created for the demobilised officer and man. Khaki garments—compulsorily discarded and yet, be it remembered, of splendid stuff—are dyed in a super-excellent manner, and then skilled men tailors so cleverly convert them that they can be immediately brought into use again as really first-class, smart, civilian garments.

Sending them off.

And this at a cost which is probably only about one-tenth of the price of new "civvies" to-day. For instance:

British Warms (Officers') Dyed into Dark Navy, Dark Brown or Black; all military details are removed, new collar of excellent quality to tone with new colour affixed, and new buttons are supplied. **This costs One Guinea.**

British Warms (Men's), Great Coats (Officers' and Men's) Dyed into Dark Navy, Dark Brown or Black. The Dyeing charge is 12/6. New velvet collar, removal of shoulder straps and new buttons—costing 14/6 to 15/6. Where no velvet collar is desired there is a reduction of 3/6 to 4/6. Taking pleat out of back and finishing with or without vent, 3/-. Shortening, 4/-. Shortening or lengthening sleeves 2/6.

Altered by expert tailors.

Amongst the hundreds of orders which I saw at Castlebank Dyeworks, I was particularly interested to notice that every rank, from Generals to Privates, were taking full advantage of this unique Khaki Service, and among the many letters of appreciation I have seen, I liked particularly this one, it seems to put the matter in a nutshell:—

NORTHFIELD, MANOR ESTATE,
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, HERTS.

"I acknowledge receipt of British Warm, dyed and altered by you. I must say it is now very difficult to tell it ever was a British Warm, and I take this opportunity of thanking you for your work. It is certainly the cheapest stunt I have run across since my return to England. If I have the opportunity of recommending you to any friends I shall most certainly do so."

(Signed) W. J. BAKER.

The point of the foregoing is this, that the present price of clothes need no longer be a nightmare to you. So that whether it be a discarded Khaki Outfit, a soiled old business suit, or a weatherproof or costume, it should be sent off without delay to Castlebank. In a day or two you receive a pro-forma invoice of cost for "Franco-Barbe" cleaning or dyeing and repairing.

There is an interesting story price-list—the Fleur-de-Lys and "Khaki" leaflet which give very full details, sent free on request to Dept. B.W.

Castlebank Dyeworks
ANNIESLAND GLASGOW

The

MARKING OF AN EPOCH

THIS is the sort of thing that happens when a few keen motorists get talking together.

One says: "I was out for a run in a 'So-and-So' car yesterday. It struck me as being a very sound proposition, except that the engine is rather noisy and has not much 'go' about it. But the gears are quiet and easy to change."

Another says: "I quite agree. Now if the 'So-and-So' had a 'Such-and-Such' engine in it, it would take a lot of beating. Pity they can't be combined."

A third interposes: "The springing is much too harsh for my taste. With the 'Here-and-There' suspension it would be a really good, comfortable car."

A fourth suggests: "Yes, and if you added the brakes from my old 'This-and-That,' you would make a real genuine motor-car of it!"

The reason for this sort of comment is very simple. We all of us are impressed either with the unusual excellence or the unusual badness of some particular point in every car we try, and our ultimate choice is the compromise which boasts the most of the good points and the least of the ill, according to our personal predilections.

Each designer, in the natural desire to get ahead of his immediate competitors, has, to a certain extent, *specialised upon a single component.* With the best will in the world he could not cease to be a human being, and therefore he cannot specialise upon everything.

In the hypothetical case above, the conditions are that four specialists have produced four cars, each of which is open to strong criticism. One might in this imagine that we saw a good case against the benefits of specialisation.

By no means! How infinitely better would the result have been if these four specialists had combined together to produce a single car!

Such a car would have found favour with:—

The whole of the "So-and-So" public.

The whole of the "Such-and-Such" public.

The whole of the "Here-and-There" public.

The whole of the "This-and-That" public.

PLUS a very large number of people who would have nothing to do with any of these makes, because they had not sufficient *all-round excellence,* though some of their individual points were good.

Moreover, the single type of car, through having a demand six or eight times as great as any of the individual models enumerated, could obviously be made far more efficiently and far more economically than any of them.

This means one thing and one thing only, that the final car would be A FAR BETTER ARTICLE AT A LOWER PRICE. And that again results not only in technical progress but in a sounder industrial proposition.

. . . . . .

When the firm of Sir William Angus, Sanderson & Co., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, determined to enter the motor-car industry, they did so with the full knowledge that they could only achieve complete success by doing something better than anyone else had done. They had had long experience in the manufacture of motor bodies of the highest class, and during the War they had built enormous quantities of aeroplanes and other munitions upon scientific principles of cheap and rapid output. No component of a car presented any particular difficulties to them, but they had a shrewd idea of their limitations. They said to themselves: "It is true that we know, or think we know, a great deal about gear-boxes, and we are confident we could make a good one. But that is not enough. We do not know all there is to know about gear-boxes. Probably no one does. But a firm that has been doing nothing but make gear-boxes all its life, obviously knows more than anyone else about them. We will have our gear-box *designed and made* for us by the best and most experienced firm in that trade in Great Britain. And the same with the engines and other components, such as frames, steering, springs, transmission, etc. In each we will have the very best that is to be obtained, in each the product of a reputable specialist."

That is how the Angus-Sanderson car was conceived, and that is why it has been a triumphant success from its very inception. A year ago the name was only associated with carriage work. To-day it is a household word wherein motoring is talked of. The car is praised and admired not for what it might be, but for what it is.

A specialised job from beginning to end.

The engines are made by Messrs. Tylor, Ltd.—who make nothing else but engines. During the War they turned out 16,000 of one type alone—the type that was used on all the Whippet Tanks. No firm in Great Britain has a more up-to-date or specialised plant for this work. The gear-boxes, transmission, steering, axles, etc., are made by Messrs. E. G. Wrigley & Co., Ltd. For years they have concentrated upon such components, and their products have been used on some of the most notable vehicles. During the War they made Tank gear-boxes by the thousand. The bodywork, and the assembly of the car in a special factory, is undertaken by Messrs. Sir William Angus, Sanderson. And in like manner all the other incidentals of the complete vehicle, tyres, wheels, electric lighting and starting set, radiator, instruments, and so forth, all emanate from firms which are admitted specialists in their own particular branches of industry.

"Ah!" says a critic, "That is all very well. But if you have one factory in Birmingham and another in London, and a third in Birtley, and the components of the Angus-Sanderson car are not the sole and only enterprises of any of them, is not there a possibility of something cropping up which will interfere with the continuity of supply? Somebody else might want Wrigley gear-boxes and Tylor engines so badly that he would make it worth their while to give his demands the preference."

True,—for the critic! But that objection has been foreseen and adequately guarded against in the proper manner. The makers of the essential components of the Angus-Sanderson cars are bound together by a common tie which makes the regular output of that car their chief and principal concern. *The basket is worth taking care of when all the eggs are in it!*

Sir Wm. Angus, Sanderson & Co Limited

BIRTLEY, Co. DURHAM.

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (*concluded from page 252*)

Had Rosaleen not known the secret of his chains she would have been jealous; and, as it was, everyone thought that she ought to be jealous.

"Pretends he's hurrying the wedding on!" sneered Miss Vail. "I shouldn't be surprised if, at the last minute, it never comes off!"

A fine win on Bold Paul was followed by a dreary slump; and in the absence of Mrs. Grundy Borrodaile tried "Mean Paul," a stingy little game patterned on the big one. Instead of adding three to your stake after a win, you added one; but you still tried for four wins in succession, unless you were terribly timid, in which case you were content with three. It wasn't a bad game; but the gains were too slow to refill the half-emptied coffers of Bold Paul in time to please Henriette; so Berry took to high finance again.

So passed a few days. Still there was red tape to unwind; the darling Rosaleen was still Miss Malone, and Mrs. Grundy was still *chaperon-en-titre*. Then fell the proverbial bolt from the blue. It fell at breakfast.

Mrs. Grundy handed a telegram she received to Borrodaile.

It was in French, from Josephine's husband.

"Your husband has come. He has seen a letter to me from you. He does not know yet where you are at Monte Carlo, but he knows you are there. What am I to do? Reply by wire.—JEAN."

The redoubtable Henriette was frightened. She looked pale. This was Berry's one consolation. Frightened women have no spirit for blackmail. She had no bluff left in her. She wanted advice.

Borrodaile glanced round the room: at the lovely face of Rosaleen Malone; at the pretty decorations, all brand new; at the prosperous-looking people whose payment as his guests was piling up a balance at his bank. Some squalid accident of fate should not, *must* not, spoil all now.

Hyacinthe Rossi didn't yet know where Henriette was! That gave him—Borrodaile—margin of an hour or two at worst.

"I will think this over for a few minutes," he murmured to the anxious lady at his right.

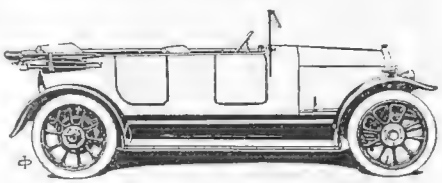
Looking at letters gives cover for thinking things over. Berry picked up an envelope on top of the pile beside his plate. He opened it. His eyes lighted. He all but yelled "Hooray!"

Instead, however, he announced in a moderately calm voice, "Friends, Rosaleen and I invite you all to our wedding *to-day*, 11.30, at the British Consulate, and afterwards at the Hotel Metropole in the room that's being used as a temporary church; all except Mrs. Grundy, who is, unfortunately, obliged to go at once to Mentone to meet—a relative. The knot will be tied by Church and State in time for luncheon, and the bride and bridegroom hope you'll eat (*and* drink!) that with us in a private room at the said Metropole."

Many brides, taken thus by surprise, would have cried out that they couldn't be ready. But Rosaleen's lips were closed by—Mrs. Grundy.

Besides, she was *happy!* And her eyes told this to Berry, as they received the same news from his.

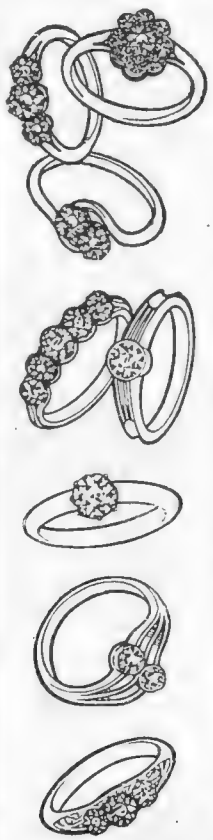
THE END.



The Arrol-Johnston 1920 Model 15·9 h.p. car is already making a very remarkable name for *road performance*. The 15·9 costs £625, complete.

ARROL-JOHNSTON, Ltd., DUMFRIES, *London Agents*: Messrs. Leverett, Thorp & Kearton, Ltd., 122, New Bond Street, W.1.

ARROL-JOHNSTON



The best way to buy a RING

is after leisurely selection and careful comparison in the quietness of your Home.

THE RING BOOK, which we will send to you, delineates 122 Gem Rings in all their natural Sparkle, Colours, and Beauty. You can select from it as surely as if you were choosing from the actual Rings. Even Colonials and men on Active Service are buying by this method, safely and easily.

After making your selection, we send the Ring fully insured on a fortnight's unconditional approval. If, within 14 days of receipt, you wish to change your mind, we will either exchange the Ring, allowing full value for it, *or you can return it and receive your money back in full.*

If you decide to keep the Ring, you do so on this condition:—**Whenever you wish, after one month, one year, ten years, or twenty years, we will re-purchase your Ring at 10% less than the price you paid.**

This perpetual re-purchase condition is made possible by large buying of unmounted Stones and by working to a closer profit margin than is general in Ring-selling.

We seriously claim that our unusual method of buying Diamonds at first hand, and selling RINGS DIRECT, reduces Selling Costs and benefits the Buyer correspondingly.

WRITE FOR "THE RING BOOK."

It tells all about the manner of RING-buying which safeguards you perpetually. We send it free to anyone interested in Engagement, Gift, Dress and Men's Rings **priced from £5:5:0 up to £325.** Please write to-day for "The RING BOOK" and SIZE CARD.

The NORTHERN GOLDSMITHS Co.
No. 3, GOLDSMITHS' HALL,
"The RING SHOP for the WORLD,"
NEWCASTLE-upon-TYNE, ENGLAND.

When three are company

If you chose your cigarettes with the same care and thought as you choose friends

Muratti's ARISTON

would be your ultimate decision. For Muratti policy incorporates the essential characteristics of true friendship—honesty of purpose and truthfulness. That policy finds concrete expression in the ARISTON.

Honestly, this choicest blend of rare *Dubec* tobaccos imparts a rich, tawny, mellow flavour that gives a new joy to Cigarette smoking—an added charm, a rich oriental fragrance, unequalled and inimitable.

The truth is the *best* thing that can be said for ARISTON.

ARISTON GOLD TIPPED
(22 ct.)
100—11/- . 50—5/6
20—2/3 . 10—1/3

ARISTON NO. 10
100—11/- . 50—5/6
25—2/10½ . 10—1/3

ARISTON DELICAT
100—8/6 50—4/3
25—2/1½

ARISTON QUEENS
100—11/3 50—5/9
25—2/10½

—

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL HIGH-CLASS TOBACCONISTS

Muratti cases are as distinctive and pleasing as the cigarettes they carry. They protect the cigarette, too.

B. Muratti Sons & Co. Ltd. Manchester & London.

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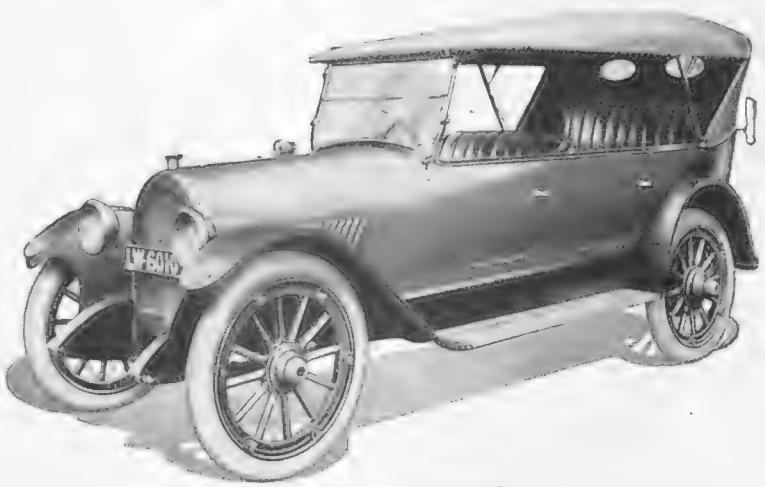
The SILENT RUNNING

Oldsmobile

8-Cylinder 7-Seater Car



Standard Touring Model.

Price complete with Delco, Lighting, Starting and Ignition . . **£950**

For full particulars apply to :—
GENERAL MOTORS LIMITED
135/137, Long Acre, W.C. 2.

Telegrams : "Buickgen, London."
Telephone : Gerrard 9626.

By FIELD, STREAM and COVERT

OUT WITH THE HERTFORDSHIRE

Breasting the hill at Hudnall Common. That distinguished soldier, General the Earl of Cavan, is Master of these hounds

The Whaddon Chase Quarrel

I THINK it will be generally agreed in hunting circles that the Committee of the Masters of Foxhounds Association have done the right thing in arranging for compulsory arbitration on the deplorable squabble in the Chase country. Without such a drastic measure by the hunting authorities it is difficult to imagine how a settlement could be arrived at. Personal animosities have gone too far to hope for a friendly conference between the rival parties. Opinion in the wide district known as the Whaddon Chase country seems to be about evenly divided, and even if another meeting of the subscribers and landowners could be arranged it is doubtful whether one side or the other would be able to claim a substantial majority of votes.

Finding a Solution

IN these circumstances it will be as well for the Committee of the M.F.H. Association to give a clear and impartial judgment on the dispute in the light of such evidence as is brought before them. If Lord Dalmeny, Sir Herbert Leon, and the other members of the so-called Whaddon Chase Committee persist in declining to present their case they cannot expect to receive the sympathy of unprejudiced observers of this lamentable affair. I know that Lord Dalmeny and his supporters are honestly convinced that they have serious cause for grievance, but if they have a sound case there can be no harm in submitting it fully and formally. I do not suppose that the decision of the M.F.H. Association, whatever it may be, will please both parties. I remember that years ago when two packs were similarly run in the Puckeridge country, the hunting authorities decided that both Masters should retire and another sportsman be elected who had been no party to the

THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER

Out with his father's pack, the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, at East Tytherton

MRS. IAN BULLOUGH

Formerly Miss Lily Elsie, at a meet of the Ledbury Hunt recently held at Down House, Redmarley, the home of her brother-in-law, Sir George Bullough, who is Master of the pack

dispute. Perhaps a similar ruling will be the best solution of the Whaddon Chase problem.

Women as M.F.H.'s

Much satisfaction has been caused in the Midlands by the announcement that Mrs. Fernie will not, after all, give up the Mastership of the Market Harborough pack at the end of the season. The late M.F.H. left instructions that after his death the hounds should be at the disposal of the country until new arrangements could be made, and Mrs. Fernie consented to take her husband's place in the command of the pack during the present season. This was more or less of an experiment, but it is generally agreed that the lady Master has "made good," and followers and farmers alike have expressed a wish that the arrangement should not be disturbed. Thus the Shires will retain one of its women M.F.H.'s, and there is just a possibility that Mrs. Inge may also be induced to remain in Mastership. This depends upon whether the Atherstone Hunt Committee will meet with success in their endeavours to find a sportsman to fill the gap caused by her resignation.

Busy Time for Polo

Although the Americans will not come to fight for the Polo Cup until 1921, there is every prospect of an interesting season in the coming summer. The Hurlingham Polo Committee, with the *débacle* of 1910 still in memory, have wisely decided to lose no time in making their plans in defence of the Cup. Strong sub-committees have already been formed with the objects of picking the best teams and ponies, and if everything goes smoothly we ought to be able to give our friends from Meadow Brook a warm reception. I do not think we shall be short of players of the right stamp, but ponies will be a serious problem. I think the Americans have a pull on us at present in this direction, but no doubt the coming season will reveal greater resource in mounts than we know of. A.W.C.

A FAMOUS STEEPLECHASE TRAINER

Mr. Robert Gore, who can claim a splendid record of successes as a National Hunt trainer, including two Grand Nationals with Jerry M. and Covertcoat

By "The Tout"

RACING NOTIONS BY "CARBINE"

A Leading Trainer

Mr. "Bob" Gore is added to our caricaturist's gallery of National Hunt notabilities this week. He is a worthy subject, for he has had wonderful success as a trainer of steeplechase winners. That he has not lost his form was shown at the recent important meeting at Manchester, where he carried off the two chief prizes with Loch Allen and Ballyhandy. At the moment his chances of putting another Grand National to his credit appear to be remote, because Poethlyn, Troytown, and Ballyboggan look to have the issue between them; but do not be surprised if the Findon trainer sends a formidable candidate to Aintree after all. Nobody knows better than Gore the qualifications which are required in a Grand National horse. He has already carried off the most coveted of steeplechsing prizes with Jerry M. and Covertcoat.

Successful Newbury

It is always a pleasure to race at Newbury, especially when we get such delightful conditions as favoured the meeting last week. The railway

JUMPING AT NEWBURY
Taking the water in the Royston Steeplechase

RACING NOTES (concluded)

arrangements are something for the Great Western to be proud of. I got back to town in one of the Newbury specials each evening in less time than had been taken in a journey from Hurst Park a few days previously! The racing was good without being of overwhelming importance. The struggle between Girvan and Raybarrow was alone worth going a long way to see, while the style in which Killigray polished off his field in the Four Year Old Hurdle Race was most convincing. Garryvoe, whom I had recommended to you for the Maiden Steeplechase, was not brought out. Never mind; he is worth waiting for. I believe he will make a very smart fencer.

Notable Hurdle Racers

On the second day, White Heat regained his rather dimmed reputation and proved himself quite a young champion by the easy way in which he beat dozens of others. We are all waiting to see this colt and Furious meet over hurdles. Which would you back? Personally, I have a slight preference for Furious, but I do not think there would be very much between them, and it would be a delightful match to see. Sir Shadforth Watts, who is a "big noise" in the shipping world, made a notable bargain when he bought White Heat last back-end, and I shall not be at all surprised if the colt carries off a big handicap on the flat. You will remember how well Wrack did on the flat after a course of hurdle racing. I expect it will be much the same with White Heat. A course of jumping does many horses a lot of good; it sharpens 'em up and renews their confidence.

R.A.S.C. Meeting

Here's wishing the best of luck to the new fixture instituted by the Royal Army Service Corps. The meeting which takes place at Sandown Park on Thursday looks like providing capital sport. The entries are good, and if owners and gentlemen riders display a proper spirit of enterprise we should see some entertaining struggles for the trophies presented by the Duke of Connaught, Lord Birkenhead, Lord Fitzwilliam, and others. I mention this matter of "enterprise" because it was disappointing at Newbury last week to see only a couple of runners turn out for a well-endowed military steeplechase. "In my time," said an old soldier-sportsman, "you would have found a dozen young fellows keen to have a mount in a race of this sort."

LADY DALMENY AND "QUEEN HALL"
This fine trotting horse was purchased last week by Lady Dalmeny at a sale of American horses held at Red Hill Farm, Edgware. The price paid was 400 guineas

Amateur Riders

At the moment, I fear, there is a dearth of good amateur cross-country jockeys, but Major Ian Straker showed us at Newbury that cracks like Mr. Jack Anthony do not always have things their own way. There will probably be a big turn-out of gentlemen riders at the big National Hunt meeting at Cheltenham in March, and I hope some new talent will be revealed. Crishna and The Fly III. may be worth following in their engagements at the R.A.S.C. fixture.

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A New Literary Log Rolled by Ralph Straus

MR. PATRICK MACGILL'S new novel, *Maureen* (Jenkins: 7*s.* net), is on a par with the best of its predecessors. It may lack a little of the sheer drama of *Children of the Dead End*, and it may show a less lovable side of Irish life than did *Glenmornan*: but there is the same intimacy and the same startlingly clear interpretation of difficult character. It may be that the Irish peasant is not really so difficult to understand as some people seem to think: in this work MacGill seems to have bared the man's soul. Donegal is again the background, a Donegal for the most part of to-day, when in each village some youngster finds himself the local head of Sinn Fein—a Donegal, too, with that curiously narrow morality which has been imported as a defence reaction against the primitive passions, and seems to have gripped this man and that in an eternal handshake.

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THE story of Maureen herself is for ever verging on the tragic. Her birth itself is a tragedy—the usual one. Her father is Eamon na Sgaddan, a man of long words, once thought to be wealthy on account of his singular habit of wearing a collar, later discovered to be but an ordinary peasant by one Columb Ruagh, who meets him by chance in Scotland. Eamon marries, but his wife is not the mother of Maureen. She, poor thing, is early left to shift for herself, and takes service first with a ghastly baby-farmer, later with pleasanter people. But she returns to the Bungarrow where she was born. There lives the man who in his simple way had fallen in love with her—Cathal, the local head of Sinn Fein. But the sinister Columb—perhaps the most sinister figure that MacGill has yet drawn—is still in the village, and tragedy pursues her. The story itself is unrelieved gloom, which in other hands might be merely distressing, but MacGill wields a powerful pen, and shows no political bias. He just shows you these people as they are, and the picture is grim and alluring and—explanatory. An unhappy book, maybe, but intensely interesting throughout.

MR. ALFRED LESTER
As he appears in "The Eclipse" at the Oxford. This play has just been transferred from the Garrick Theatre

IT is fashionable, and sometimes convenient, to believe in reincarnation. It explains, you are told, all those peculiar half-memories and intuitions which meet us so frequently and at such unexpected moments. (There are scientific explanations of these things, but why worry about them? Reincarnation is so much more exciting.) Miss Dorota Flatau, in her new novel, *Seven Journeys* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), makes the most of the theory by showing the various reincarnations of one or two "souls" working out their redemption. And so you see Rhoea, as Neolithic woman, seized by Ugiso and fought for by Ruipi. You see her as a Cretan lady, an Indian Prince—the soul has no sex—a Chinese girl, a fan-maker in the time of the great Louis, the daughter of an Italian farmer, and, finally, as Dr. Amersham's daughter, who, when she meets Ugiso Lynruth, the painter, not unnaturally seems to have met him before. Miss Flatau has made the most of her material, and each of her stories is complete in itself.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA has forwarded to the Committees of the Gordon Boys' Home and the British Home and Hospitals for Incurables, Streatham, cheques amounting to £7 0*s.* 2*d.* each, these sums being the result of the sale, during the past year, of the late Canon Fleming's sermon, "Recognition in Eternity." This sermon, published by Messrs. Skeffington and Son, of 34, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C. 2, was preached at Sandringham Church on January 24, 1892, and has realised a profit of £1,855 11*s.* 10*d.*, which Her Majesty has divided in equal parts between the two institutions mentioned above.

Andrew Soutar's new serial "DESTINY" has begun strong in Bairnsfather's "FRAGMENTS," and will no doubt be the most widely read STORY OF THE SEASON.

The February "BOOK MONTHLY" will contain answers by many famous writers to the interesting question: "WHAT MAKES DICKENS POPULAR?"

MR. ROBERT LORAINE
In a scene from "Arms and the Man," Mr. Bernard Shaw's play, which has recently been revived at the Duke of York's Theatre

MOTOR NOTES

How would you like to motor 100 miles at a cost of 4*s.* 8½*d.* for fuel only for a 35 h.p. car? Sure, my friends, I can imagine you all saying and thinking it's another of my dreams. But it isn't, for Lieut.-Colonel D. J. Smith told us how to do it, at the Institution of Automobile Engineers a week ago, if we would use producer-gas fuel instead of petrol, which would cost, by the way, £3 10*s.* 10*d.* for the same distance. Mind you, power locomotion is going to see many changes in the years to come, and though producer-gas entails a special plant being incorporated in the present motor vehicle, there is no reason why it should not be adopted.

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In fact, it is being put into use for commercial motors, and from the success it has attained will, in time, induce the car-designer seriously to consider the proposition in view of its economy. At present the weight of this gas plant is 6 lbs. per horse-power, but as the total weight is so little in proportion to the vehicle weight it is not a matter that need be seriously worried about. Though the present engine as designed can use it all right, producer-gas from peat, anthracite, coke, etc., really requires a higher compression than is used for present-day fuel.

This leads me to hope that designers of motor-car engines in the future will produce an engine for using this gas as fuel, and with the gas-making plant all part of a homogeneous design, as there can be no doubt that economical fuel as this is will help to add to the popularity of motoring. Still, the future holds other alternatives, as Dr. A. M. Low suggests that, with the improvements that are forthcoming every day in wireless research, the time is not far distant when electricity stations will throw out their waves of energy, to be picked up to drive motor-cycles, motor-cars, and motor business vehicles, just as wireless messages speed through the air at the present time.

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Every car or motor-cycle will then have a wireless outfit connected to an electric motor, and as long as the various stations give out their vibrations of power so the various motor vehicles on the road will speed along as they choose with nothing to worry them. No fuel to carry, no carburetters, no valve or cylinder troubles, no sparking plugs; all gone, and instead a "wireless" pole, with its receiving antennæ and an electric motor driving the transmission. Here, again also, who knows but some genius by the time this is all accomplished will have solved hydraulic transmission for cars, and oil will take the place of the gear-box, with its infinite number of graduations of gears and absolute silence.

* * *

Dr. Low actually gave a demonstration of a model motor-car running by wireless electricity, just as the Raymond airship performed even before the War. At any rate, this will solve the fuel problem as regards individual motorists, even if it has to be considered in bulk by the power stations transmitting Dr. Low's two phase out-of-step high-frequency (alternating) current, which seems to do the trick all right, lighting lamps, running motors, and other stunts without wire connections. Oh, yes, we are going to see plenty of changes in the next ten years, and motor-cars look like being quite different mechanical devices by that time if any of these ideas mature to practical application by business men out of the laboratory stage in which they now exist.

Old Hy.

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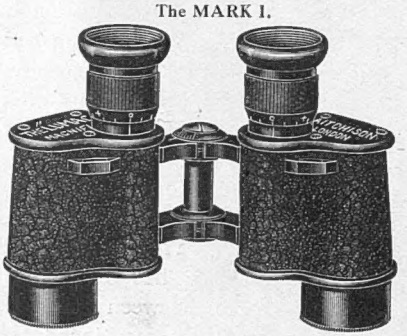

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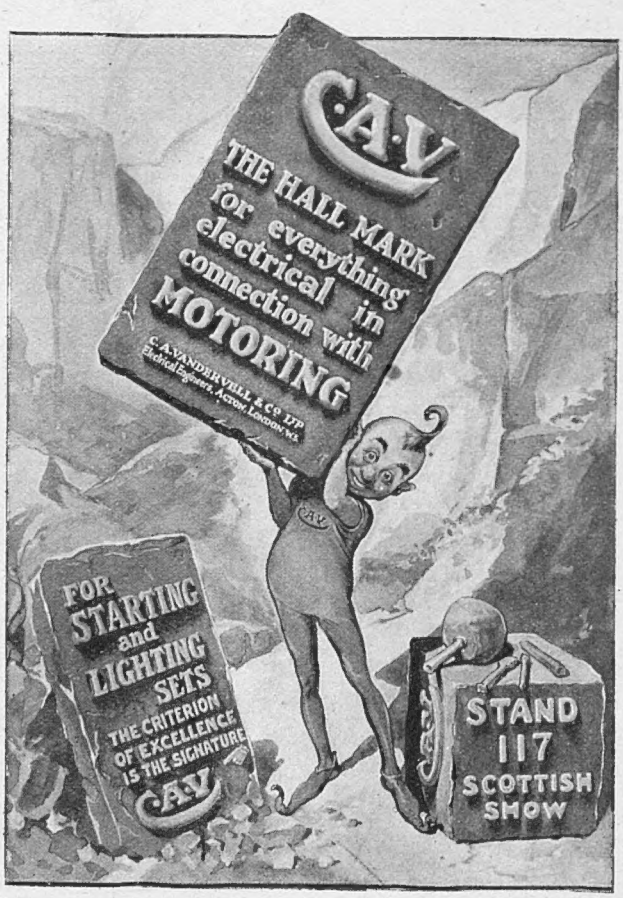
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